Saturday Review

APRIL 9, 1960 / 25¢

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

Clifton Fadiman, author of "The Lifetime Reading Plan." *(SEE LITERARY HORIZONS)*

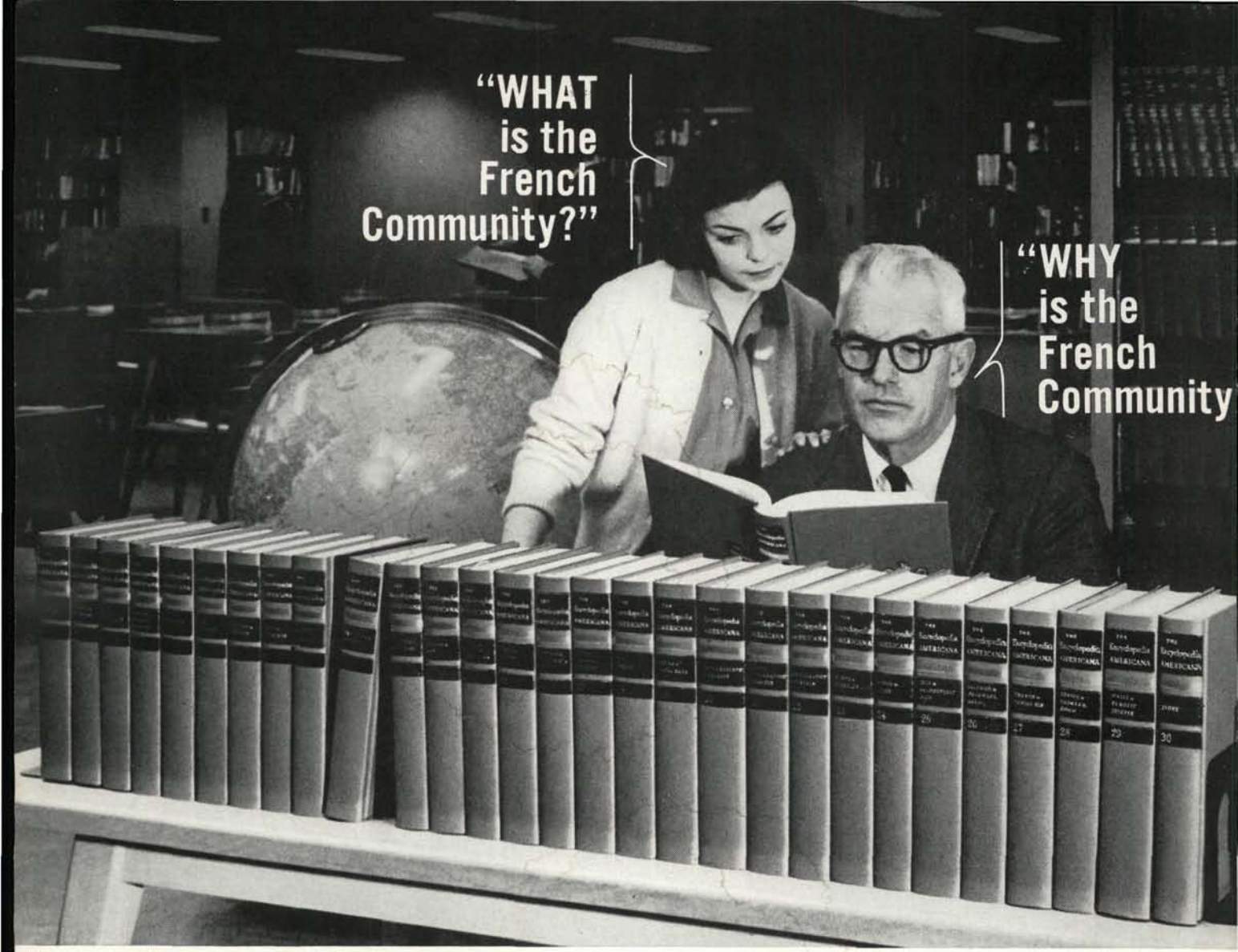
SHOULD A PUBLIC MAN WRITE?

By Richard L. Neuberger

BOOKS FOR SPRING READING: SR's

EUGENE OREG
BOX 5302
LUCILE F ALY

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Photographed on location at The Donnell Library Center of The New York Public Library

Both get their answers from the AMERICANA

The *AMERICANA* speaks to the total satisfaction of both the teen-ager and the Nobel Prize winner. *To her* it says, "...Senegal...Sudanese Republic...Ivory Coast...October 4th, 1958...13 members..." ★ *To him* it says, "...colonial contribution...egalitarian and humanistic tradition...assimilation...decolonization...perspective for evolution...autonomous institutions..." ★ *Each* needs clarity and absolute accuracy. That's why both turn to the encyclopedia which completely serves the lifelong needs of every scholar. ★ The *AMERICANA's* great 1960 edition fittingly marks its 131st year of growth. Since 1955 alone, continuous revision has resulted in: the complete rewriting, revising and resetting of 22,600 pages; all new bleed maps of striking design and considerably larger scale; more than 6,500 new pictures making a total of 14,500 illustrations; 14% larger type for every one of its 59,000 articles; heavier, whiter paper throughout all of its 30 volumes.

The Encyclopedia
AMERICANA

THE MODERN AMERICAN ENCYCLOPEDIA
INTERNATIONAL IN SCOPE

THE AMERICANA CORPORATION — A DIVISION OF GROLIER INCORPORATED
PUBLISHING OFFICES: NEW YORK, N.Y. — EDITORIAL OFFICES: DANBURY, CONNECTICUT

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

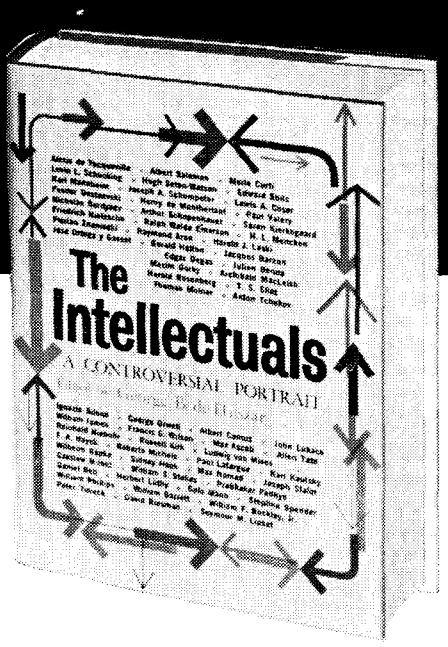
Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

Another Marboro Book Club **Exclusive!**

THE MONUMENTAL STUDY OF

THE INTELLECTUALS

A scholarly, witty, wickedly revealing portrait of the smartest people in the world



The Marboro Book Club invites you to accept this book **FREE** *with a trial membership*

This is a bombshell of a book, an encyclopedic and mercilessly honest study of the most intelligent, most complicated, and most frustrated people on earth...the intellectuals. (They invented the United States, the Atom Bomb, the Soviet Union, and Modern Art, and lost control of them all. This book tells why.)

Published at $7.50—Yours free. Never *before* have the scholars, savants, bohemians, dilettantes, mandarins, sad young men, and authentic geniuses of the intellectual community been examined with such thoroughness, such remorseless logic, and such diabolic candor.

THE INTELLECTUALS is at once a geography and history of the intellectual world...a psychological analysis of its dilemmas, hostilities, and fears...a sociological study of its politics and economics...and an almost anthropological exploration of its tribal myths and rituals and taboos.

"No one has ever called me an intellectual in my presence."—*Bertrand Russell*

Why do American intellectuals complain on the one hand of being "alienated" and on the other hand of being "forced to conform" (and could they be wrong on both counts)?...Why are the avant-garde magazines no longer avant garde?...Have the benefits of the welfare state turned intellectuals (like juvenile delinquents) into rebels without a cause?...Why are the intellectuals of Asia so proficient at liberating their countries and such failures at solving their problems afterwards?
Are American intellectuals underpaid (and if so, what are European intellectuals so envious about)?...Is the Age of Specialization transforming the intellectual into a Learned Ignoramus? These are just a few of the intellectual phenomena studied, diagnosed and dissected with delightful erudition, and with utterly fascinating frankness that leaves the 600 pages of THE INTELLECTUALS strewn with the broken bits of fallen idols and the bleached bones of sacred cows.

"To be too conscious is an illness."
—Dostoevsky

It took some of the world's most famous intellectuals to write this book (who else would have dared?). Albert Camus, T. S. Eliot, Raymond Aron, Harold J. Laski, Sidney Hook, Stephen Spender, and Reinhold Niebuhr are just a few of them. Together they do for the intelligentsia something akin to what Audubon did for ornithology and Gibbon did for the Roman Empire.

It will be seen that these scholarly dignitaries often end up in a rowdy disagreement among themselves. They let loose the kind of critical crossfire that makes intellectual history—and makes THE INTELLECTUALS one of the most quotable and controversial books of 1960.

From the ivory towers, coffee houses, classrooms, editorial boards, galleries, and laboratories of the world, this outspoken book draws the authentic image of the intellectual in all his aspects. Every species from the Encyclopaedist to the Existentialist is covered (and uncovered)...the poets and philosophers and scientists, the artists (are they intellectuals?), the critics and New Critics, the educators...the whole incredible gamut of political theorizers: Socialists, fellow-travelers, nihilists, anarchists, populists, Old Bolsheviks, New Conservatives, fascists (they had their intellectuals, too).

THE INTELLECTUALS is typical of the kind of book the MARBORO BOOK CLUB makes available regularly to its members at drastically reduced prices. It has just been published at $7.50 and it's worth it. But it is yours *without charge* with a cancellable Trial Membership. That's the best way we know to introduce you to the pleasures (and substantial economies) of membership in this unusual book club.

Trial membership is cancellable. You are not obligated to order any books from the Club when you send for your free copy of THE INTELLECTUALS. Read it, enjoy it, for 2 full weeks (it is almost 600 pages long). Then, if you are not absolutely certain that you wish to remain a member, simply return the book. You'll be under no obligation and your trial membership will be cancelled. The Club takes all the risk. Why? Because we believe you'll want to keep the book as a Free Gift and continue your membership. You see, this is no *ordinary* book club.

A select circle of readers. Like a cooperative, which it resembles in many ways, the MARBORO BOOK CLUB enables readers who share the same discerning tastes to *pool* their *purchasing power*—and thereby save an average of *one-half* when they buy books.

For instance, members of the MARBORO BOOK-CLUB paid only $4.95 for Sir Herbert Read's *Concise History of Modern Painting* (others were paying $7.50). *The Status Seekers* (published at $4.50) cost members only $3.25. If you had been a member during the past year, you would have saved comparable sums on *The House of Intellect*, *Huxley's Collected Essays*, *The New Golden Bough*, *The Henry Miller Reader* and many, many others.

Save 50% on books you want most. You will find many of these titles still available if you join now—plus, of course, the important new books that you would otherwise buy this year at higher prices—and all at the Club's remarkably low *Members'* Prices. Moreover, you will receive a Free Bonus Book of your own choosing with every 4 books you select from the scores of new and recent titles always available to members at substantial savings.

Important to act quickly. Meanwhile, you'll want to send for your *free* copy of THE INTELLECTUALS and make up your own mind later about membership in the MARBORO BOOK CLUB. Naturally, we cannot honor requests received after the stocks of THE INTELLECTUALS set aside for this free offer are used up. So mail this coupon today.

MARBORO BOOK CLUB, 131 Varick St., New York 13

Please issue me a cancellable Trial Membership in the MARBORO BOOK CLUB and send, as my free gift for joining, a copy of THE INTELLECTUALS. If for any reason I decide not to remain a member, I may return the book within 2 weeks and my membership will be cancelled without cost or obligation. If I elect to keep the free book and remain a member, I agree to buy at least 4 books during the coming year. I will receive advance notice of each book offered by the Club, and I may decline any book simply by returning the printed form always provided. Every 4 books ordered through the Club at the low Members' Prices entitle me to a free **Bonus Book** of my choice.

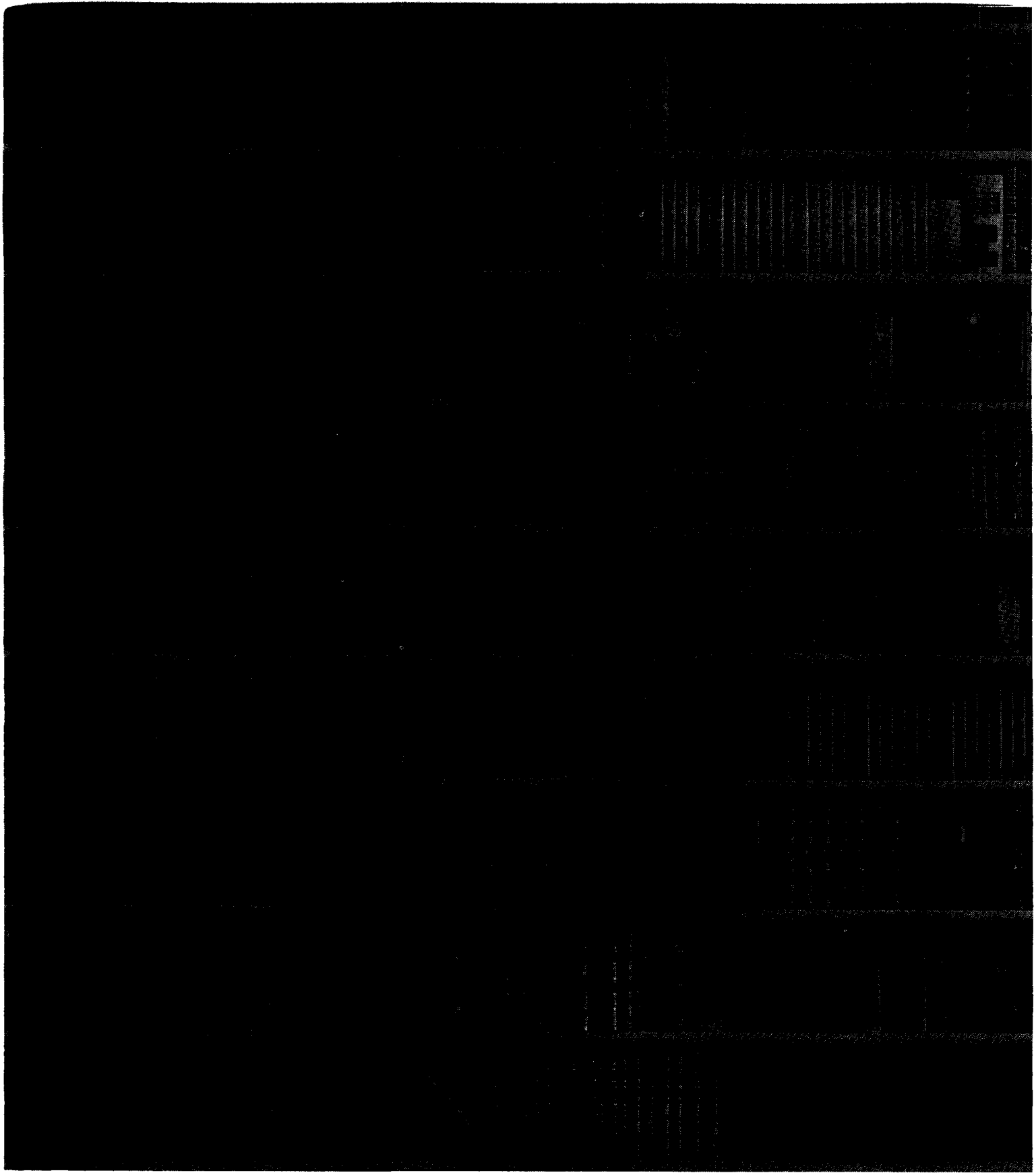
NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE____ STATE____

MS535

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Very probably you have
...on your own television screen!

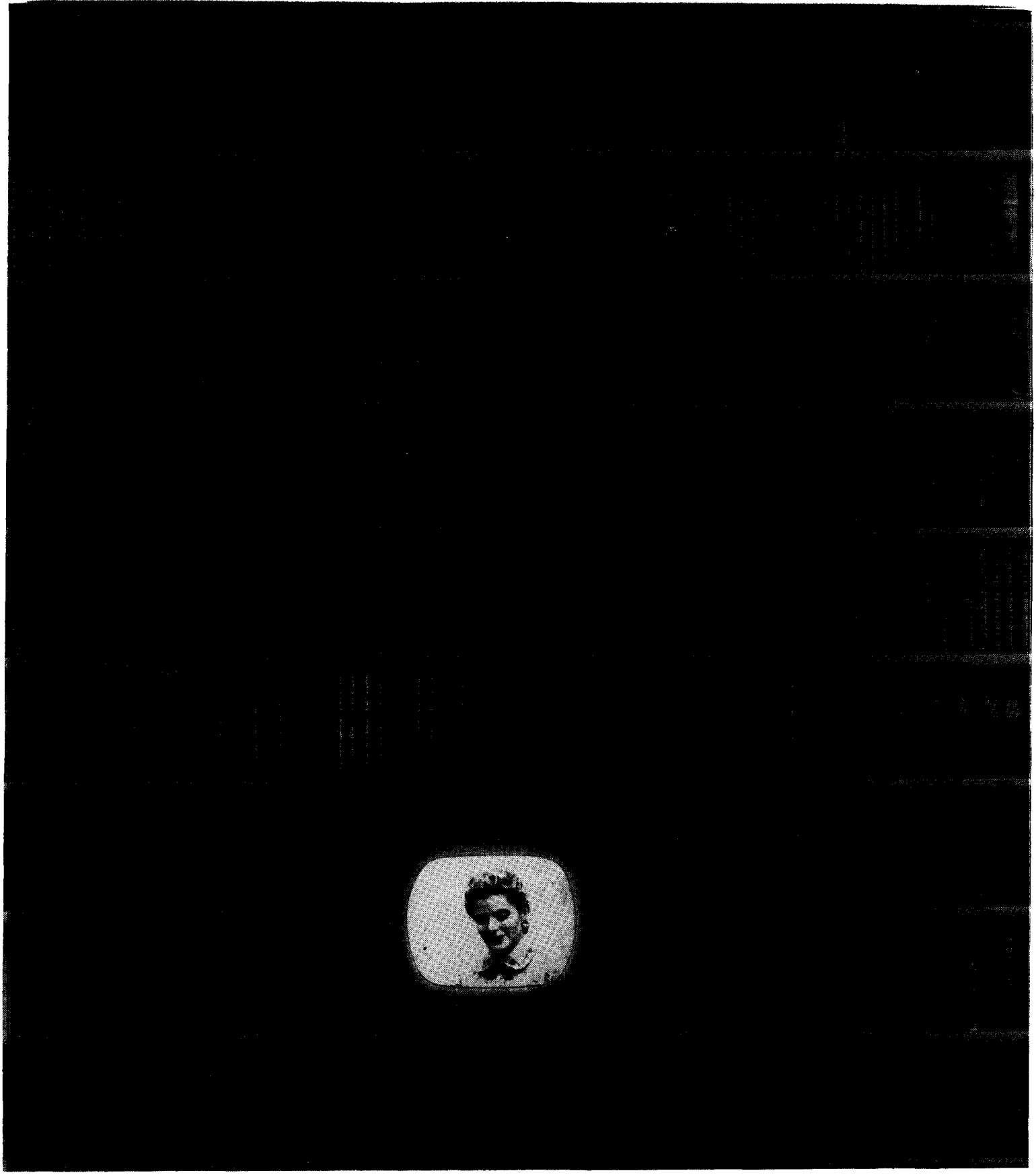
In recent months, for example, NBC viewers watched "The Turn of the Screw" by Henry James, "The Moon and Sixpence" by Somerset Maugham, Stephen Vincent Benet's "The Devil and Daniel Webster" and Budd Shulberg's "What Makes Sammy Run?"

On the drawing boards now at NBC are special television adaptations of such literary favorites as "Rebecca," "The Spiral Staircase" and "Portrait of Jenny." A new NBC Television series based on F. Van Wyck Mason's exciting novel "The Barbarians" is being produced on location in Rome. Mark Twain's "Roughing It" will offer

millions of NBC viewers a self-portrait of the famous humorist as a young man. And Henry Steele Commager's definitive source work on the American Civil War will provide the basis of "The Blue And The Gray," a trail-blazing series of one-hour programs.

A far cry from the wrestling matches and transplanted vaudeville which

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



dominated the broadcast schedule only a decade ago—and a bright augury of things to come during the 1960-1961 season in the demanding, creative medium of television.

For in its unending quest for quality in everything it does, NBC Television will continue to attract outstanding talents from all branches of the creative arts. In addition, NBC will continue to discover its own creators—writers, directors and performers.

Result: a whole library of distinguished literature, a rich treasure of music, art and drama—in color and in black and white—on . . .

Watched any good books lately?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NBC TELEVISION

(Advertisement)

There are few books better to read than a good, accurate, well-written biography.

Such a book is John Kobler's new volume, "The Reluctant Surgeon," which tells the story of John Hunter, a medical genius and possessor of one of the most relentlessly inquiring minds in Johnson's London.

Hunter was a surgeon who was years ahead of his time. He was perhaps the greatest dissecter and collector of anatomical specimens in history. As a teacher, he spurred Jenner on to the discovery of vaccination and through his pupils profoundly affected the development of surgery and medicine in America.

Moreover, he was a doctor whose patients included James Boswell, Joshua Reynolds, Thomas Gainsborough, Benjamin Franklin. It was Hunter who prescribed the orthopedic shoe which enabled the young Lord Byron to walk.

Around the facts of Hunter's life John Kobler has written a biography which re-creates eighteenth-century England and at the same time tells an unusual chapter in the history of medicine.

"The Reluctant Surgeon" (the title comes from the fact that Hunter did not share the eagerness of his colleagues to resort to the knife) is a book that offers reading pleasure, useful information and good writing.

Why not buy a couple of copies: one for yourself and one to give to your own doctor?

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"Reluctant Surgeon" ($4.95), by John Kobler, is published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Ave., N.Y. 22, N.Y. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 526 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, New York.

Saturday Review

APRIL 9, 1960

Cover Photograph: Maxwell Coplan

SR/IDEAS

8 Perspective/1960, by Theodore H. White

21 The Editor Who Outwhistled Shaw, by Dale Warren

24 Should a Public Man Write? by Richard L. Neuberger

34 Reflections in a Library: A Guest Editorial, by Howard Mumford Jones

SR/BOOKS

26 Literary Horizons: Granville Hicks plans some planned reading.

27 The Death of Africa, by Peter Ritner

28 A Roundup of Springtime Suspense Stories

29 Eating People Is Wrong, by Malcolm Bradbury

30 The Season's New Novels

33 To Moscow—And Beyond, by Harrison Salisbury; Khrushchev's Russia, by Edward Crankshaw

47 A Medley of New Travel and Art Books

51 A Summercast of Vacation Reading

SR/DEPARTMENTS

12 Trade Winds

18 Chess Corner

29 Literary Crypt

32 Literary I.Q.

35 Letters to the Editor

36 *SR* Goes to the Movies

37 Broadway Postscript

38 Music to My Ears

40 Booked for Travel

45 TV and Radio

46 The Fine Arts

56 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1359

The SATURDAY REVIEW, published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N.Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Publisher, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer and Business Manager; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Consultant; Marion Urmy, Assistant to the Publisher. Subscription $7 a year; $8 in Canada. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Vol. XLIII, No. 15, April 9, 1960. Second-Class postage paid at New York, New York, and at additional mailing offices. Indexed in the "Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature." © 1960 by Saturday Review, Inc. All rights reserved under Berne and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. Reproduction in whole or in part of any article without permission is prohibited. Printed in the United States of America.

"Probably the best thing that's going to happen all year."*

WHITE HOUSE FEVER

An Innocent's Guide to Principles and Practices, Respectable and Otherwise, Behind the Election of American Presidents

by Robert Bendiner
Contributing Editor of **The Reporter**

"It isn't often that you get two people like Robert Bendiner — the best reporter on American politics in the business and just about the country's finest wit and ironist. **White House Fever** offers instruction to voters, stimulation to scholars, and fun for everyone."
— ***Richard H. Rovere**

WHITE HOUSE FEVER

Illustrated with 26 political cartoons, $3.75

HARCOURT, BRACE

PROPERTY OF 2008 BY URZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The threat "which cannot be mollified by an invitation to tea at the White House"

THE DEATH OF AFRICA

BY PETER RITNER

a frightening warning to all alert Americans about the future of Africa

In this impassioned book, Mr. Ritner (former feature editor of the *Saturday Review*) documents the African situation and our stake in it — and offers the only possible solution for saving that continent — and ours — from disaster. $4.95

American Rights

The Constitution in Action
by Walter Gellhorn

"In every chapter one meets the qualities of a truly fine mind . . . This thoughtful book . . . outlines the fundamental human rights that together constitute our national creed . . . would be difficult to surpass for equipoise, coherence, and intellectual integrity."
—Edmond Cahn, *New York Herald Tribune Book Review*

"Noteworthy—and singularly successful . . . In a stylistic miracle, [Mr. Gellhorn] has covered the intricacies and subtleties of civil liberties in language that is as understandable to the layman as it is non-offensive to the lawyer or the scholar."
—William M. Kunstler, *The New York Times Book Review*

$4.50

Hailed by the American Press

FRANK MORAES

India's leading analyst of world affairs whose latest and finest book is

INDIA TODAY

"Next to Nehru, Frank Moraes wields the finest political pen in India."
— Louis Fischer, *The New York Times Book Review*

"Only an Indian could have written this sober, completely honest assessment of his country today; no one else would have dared it . . . We salute Mr. Moraes for his honesty."
—Margaret Parton, *New York Herald Tribune Book Review*

"Perhaps the best short history of India ever written and a solid summary of its current position."
— *Chicago Sunday Tribune*

$4.00

THE PEOPLE AND THE COURT

Judicial Review in a Democracy

by CHARLES L. BLACK, JR.

"The best doctrinal defense yet written on behalf of the American institution of judicial review . . . One may safely predict that this brilliant book will be quoted and debated by lawyers and laymen for years to come."
Edmond Cahn, *The New York Times Book Review*

$5.00

The Reluctant Satellites

An Eyewitness Report on East Europe and the Hungarian Revolution

by Leslie B. Bain

A powerful and compelling account of the most gallant uprising in modern history. Mr. Bain, one of the few Western newsmen in Budapest during the 1956 Revolt, records his conversations with Yugoslav, Polish, Czech, and Hungarian leaders.

Just published! $3.95

The Macmillan Company 60 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, N. Y. **NATIONAL LIBRARY WEEK April 3-9, 1960**

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Perspective/1960

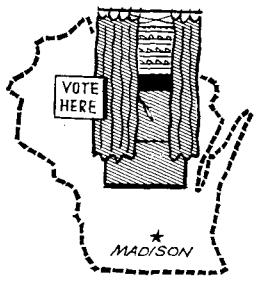
By Theodore H. White

MADISON, WIS.

FROM WISCONSIN to California is some 1,800 miles as the jets fly. But political kinship has bound these states together in an upheaval of American politics so complex that not for months after the April 5 primary will anyone be able to judge who are the chief losers in the voting of this still snow-mantled state.

To measure this upheaval, which the starshells and political rocketry of Messrs. Kennedy and Humphrey illuminate in this week's primary, one must reflect first on the classic geography of the Democratic Party.

In the old party, the United States, like Caesar's Gaul, was divided into three parts—a South, a Northeast, a West. There sat the South, gripped by the frozen violence of race politics. There sat the Northeast, controlled by the barons of the heavily Catholic big-city machines. And then there was the flabby West, silent and unpredictable since the eruption of William Jennings Bryan. The Northeast led, by providing Presidential candidates. The South, with Congressional control, was content with its veto power. And the West trudged docilely after, a sad third. Any combination of two of these three could carry a Democratic convention and, more rarely, an election. When all three were united, as at the Roosevelt apogee, they could sweep the nation.



This old map is now as dead as the gold dollar. And the nature of the campaign this month in Wisconsin, better than any textbook, demonstrates what has happened. For Wisconsin is the newest domain in a political revolution in the Democratic Party which has transformed the West into a center of independent power indisputably moro dynamic and strong-willed than either of its two old partners in the classic trio.

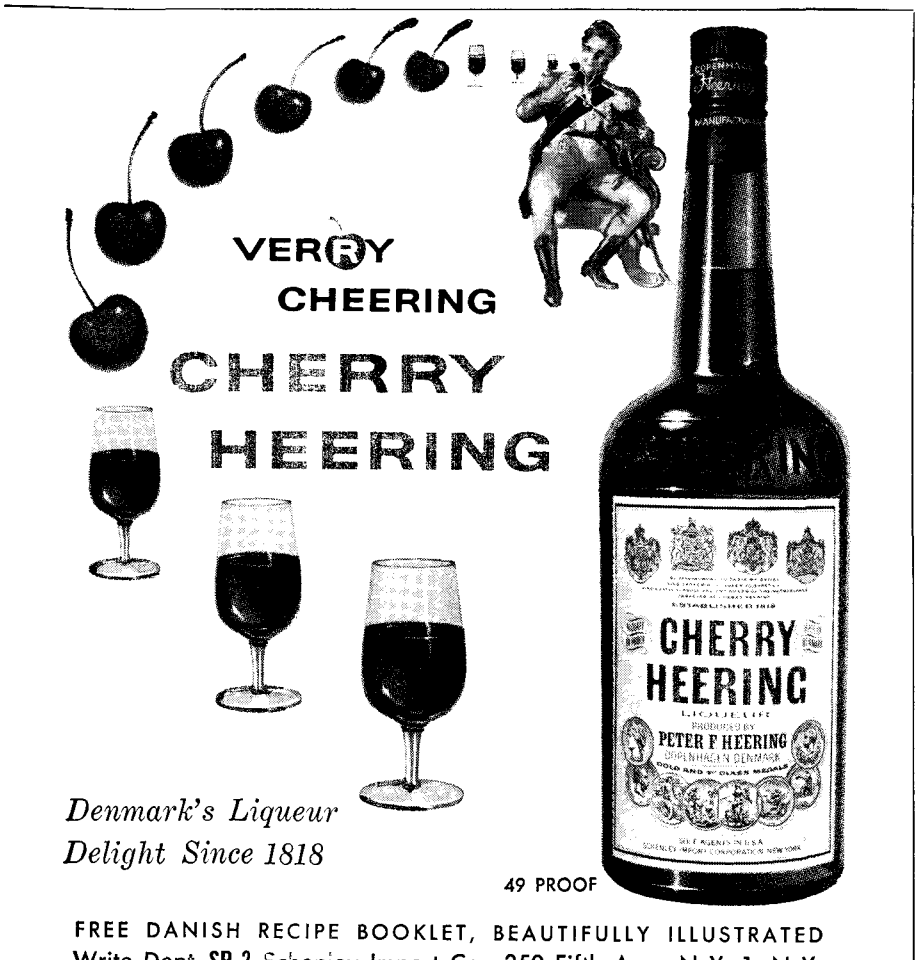
• • •

The entire revolution is little more than a decade old. Until late in the 1940s, Democratic organization beyond the Mississippi lay fossilized in traditional ethnic enclaves under leaders who nursed their strength from Washington favor and patronage rather than the grassroots. To find this organization, said an amateur who helped lead the insurrection in California, "you needed a detective to hunt it down and a crowbar to force your way in once you found it."

Had the Democrats won in 1952, it is possible that the organization would have remained indefinitely frozen under the closed leadership of men dancing to the will of the Washington power center. But with the defeat of 1952, strange forces began to operate.

There was, first, the exuberant, leaderless energy of the amateurs and zealots recruited by Kefauver in the Spring of 1952 and organized permanently by Stevenson later that Fall. "Kefauver was their John the Baptist," Senator Paul Douglas of Illinois once remarked. "He called them to the church and they remained to pray for Adlai." There was, next, the discovery by these amateurs that politics was fun—a game to be played in season and out with zest and enjoyment. There was, further, after the defeat of 1952, their realization that the antique Democratic leaders of the West, shorn of Washington patronage, were stumble-bums. And, finally, there was the slow discovery by these presentable middle-class amateurs that they could make their own alliances with the best and most vigorous of local labor leaders far more effectively than the old-fashioned bosses ever conceived.

Now, eight years later, these same amateurs of 1952 are everywhere the regular Establishment of Democratic power in the west; from California, Washington, and Oregon to Minnesota, Michigan, and Wisconsin, they control the party. They have become masters of the organization. But their language, appeal, and emotions are quite different from those of Eastern and Southern Democratic leadership. They talk of ideas, images, programs, policy; with no embarrassment, phrases of deep idealism and concern tumble from their lips. In their attitudes, these people are probably the most lasting residue of Stevenson influence in American politics, except that they are tougher and more hard-minded than their patron



FREE DANISH RECIPE BOOKLET, BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED
Write Dept. SR-2, Schenley Import Co., 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 1, N.Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Holiday Magazine and Random House
Announce a Revolutionary New Publishing Project of Major Importance

THE HOLIDAY MAGAZINE TRAVEL GUIDES

10 Indispensable Companions for Your Tour of EUROPE

Complete, authoritative, up-to-the-minute, these unique illustrated handbooks that fit in your pocket will make your trip more effortless, enjoyable, and meaningful

ANY 3 FOR ONLY $2.95

(Minimum order, 3 Guides. Additional Guides at $1 each. All 10 for only $8.95)

No. T3 FRANCE

No. T4 PARIS

No. T5 RIVIERA and Southern France

No. T6 ITALY

No. T7 ROME

No. T8 FLORENCE and the Hill Towns

No. T1 BRITAIN: England, Scotland, Wales

No. T2 LONDON

No. T10 SCANDINAVIA: Denmark, Sweden, Norway

No. T9 SPAIN

ACTUAL SIZE OF EACH GUIDE 4¾ x 8"
(to fit into a man's pocket or a woman's purse) with 128 pages printed in two colors — approximately 60 photographs — plus detailed, 2-color fold-out map.

HERE ARE the most detailed and practical pocket-size travel guides ever published in the English language.

With full cooperation of American Express, designed and edited by *Holiday* Magazine, the leading American authority on travel, these brand-new, beautifully illustrated HOLIDAY MAGAZINE TRAVEL GUIDES bring you timely and accurate advice on how, where and when to go — what to see and do — how to do it either economically or lavishly — plus abundant information on hotels, restaurants, shops, tours, tipping, and avoiding red tape.

Unique Size and Specific Nature

Two outstanding features of the Holiday Guides are their *convenient size* (they slip into a man's jacket pocket or a woman's purse) and their *specific nature* (each deals *only* and *in detail* with the country or area you are visiting). Thus they eliminate the need for bulky "general" volumes which, when carried about, not only at once stamp you as a "tourist" but require you to purchase information about countries that aren't even on your itinerary. Each HOLIDAY MAGAZINE TRAVEL GUIDE contains *only* the facts you need — and *far more of them* than you will find on a particular country or area in cumbersome, costly "general" travel books.

Facts You'll Need Before Going

For the beginner and seasoned traveler alike, these handy Guides leave nothing to chance or to guesswork. Specifically and concisely they explain the necessary preliminaries — how and where to obtain your passport, immunization you may require, in-season and off-season rates, what you may and may not take along, facts about the climate, clothing you'll need, pointers on packing and transportation procedures, the pros and cons of shipboard vs. airline travel, and costs involved.

Facts You'll Need When You Get There

Where to stay, where to eat, where to shop, how to rent a car (or buy one) or get around by taxi, bus, subway, etc., are all extensively covered. Each Holiday Guide lists scores of hotels, restaurants, shops, theatres, festivals, night clubs, sporting events —with recommendations and cautions for the American tourist, helpful facts on prices and tipping. You learn how to get the best value for your dollar, both in converting it and spending it.

You'll learn, too, how to get the most *fun* out of your visit. All the major points of interest (and many of the lesser-known places) are highlighted in text and photographs. Here are the great historic spots, museums, galleries, religious and cultural centers you'll want to see. A special feature of each Holiday Guide is the large, colorful, fold-out map that helps you plan tours more intelligently and conveniently. A whole section of each book brings you important facts on local customs (some even include a little practical "course" in the native language) and a fascinating history of the country or area, to make your trip more meaningful.

10-Day Free Examination Offer

Simply circle your choice of *any three* HOLIDAY MAGAZINE TRAVEL GUIDES in coupon below, and enclose $2.95 as payment in full — for all three. With your Guides will come the valuable AMERICAN EXPRESS EUROPEAN CURRENCY CONVERTER as your FREE GIFT for acting at once. If, for any reason, you wish to return the books for full refund within 10 days, the Currency Converter is *yours to keep.* (Minimum order, 3 Guides for $2.95; each additional Guide, $1; all 10 for only $8.95, with same 10-day refund guarantee.) Mail coupon with check or money order to: *RANDOM HOUSE, INC.*, Travel Dept. G-974, 239 Great Neck Road, Great Neck, Long Island, New York.

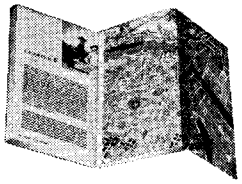
On sale at bookstores, newsstands, American Express and other travel agencies — or MAIL COUPON TODAY

What Travel Experts Say About This New Project

"Travelers of today have a hunger for knowledge, for learning and understanding. They want to see the conventional sights and have fun, but they also want to know the peoples of the lands they visit. To meet this new and commendable hunger, a new and commendable series of guides has been born." — *TED PATRICK, Editor Holiday Magazine*

"Each little volume offers a neat combination of vivid commentary and down-to-earth advice on one of the major tourist areas." — *American Society of Travel Agents Travel-News*

"A boon to anyone visiting Europe for the first, or twenty-first time. Each book supplies far more information on a given country or area than any general travel volume you can buy. And since half the fun is *planning* your trip, even those content to sit at home and read about exotic places will find these well-illustrated books highly rewarding." —*BENNETT CERF, Pres. Random House, Inc.*

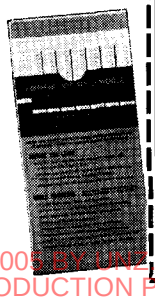


Colorful, detailed fold-out map in each Guide makes touring easy.

FREE (when you mail coupon to order 3 or more Guides)

AMERICAN EXPRESS EUROPEAN CURRENCY CONVERTER

This handy pocket "slide rule" (copyrighted by American Express) instantly gives U.S. Dollar equivalents of British, French, Italian, Austrian, Belgian, Danish, German, Dutch, Spanish, Swiss currency. Eliminates guesswork, involved arithmetic, costly errors. American Express EUROPEAN CURRENCY CONVERTER, encased in durable plastic, is yours *free* when you mail the coupon at right to order 3 or more HOLIDAY MAGAZINE TRAVEL GUIDES. (You may keep the Currency Converter *free* even if you do decide to return the Guides for refund.)



RANDOM HOUSE, INC., Travel Dept. G-974
239 Great Neck Road, Great Neck, L. I., N. Y.

I enclose $..... in check or money order. Please send me, for 10 days' free examination, the HOLIDAY MAGAZINE TRAVEL GUIDES I have circled by number below, and the AMERICAN EXPRESS EUROPEAN CURRENCY CONVERTER as a *gift.* I understand that I may return the TRAVEL GUIDES within 10 days for full refund, but in any case the CONVERTER is mine to keep. *PLEASE NOTE: Minimum order, 3 Guides for only $2.95; additional Guides at $1 each; all 10 Guides for only $8.95.*

T1 T2 T3 T4 T5 T6 T7 T8 T9 T10

Name.....
(PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY)

Address.....

City.....Zone....State.....

SCANNED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Profit: the Key to Telephone Progress and Low Cost

WINGS FOR WORDS. It's so easy to take the telephone for granted! But what in the world would you ever do without it? All the many tasks of the day would be harder. You'd miss its priceless help and comfort in emergencies. So much would go out of your life if you couldn't reach out your hand and talk to friends and those you love.

Maybe it's about time somebody stood up and said a good word about profits.

For the opportunity to earn a satisfactory profit is part of the very spirit of a free America. It is one of the basic things that have made this a great country.

Today, more than ever, the progress and prosperity of communities, states and nation are dependent on the number and the prosperity of their companies.

So the profit motive is important. Actually it is one of the great driving forces that stimulate inventions, new products, new services and new plants. And more and better jobs!

That is just as true of the telephone business as any other . . . and of added importance because of the vital nature of the service.

It is a satisfactory profit—and the hope of its continuance—that gives us the money and the incentive to go ahead on a long-pull basis instead of in a more expensive short-term manner.

It is profit that enables us to originate and take advantage of all the technological advances that improve your service and hold down the cost of providing it.

We can act instead of hesitating to act. We can go forward instead of standing still. We can move from one achievement to another in the best interest of everybody.

The evidence is overwhelming that companies that show excellent profit records do the best job for their customers and employees and, as corporate citizens, contribute the most to the community.

The day-by-day benefits for telephone users are better service at a lower price than would be possible in any other way.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

saint—and more effective. It was their leadership that capped the Democratic triumphs of 1958 with the stupendous California and Wisconsin victories on the day the vaunted Tammany machine was being humiliated by Rockefeller in New York.

Here in Wisconsin, the virility and vigor of this new Democratic Party is seen everywhere. Wisconsin's Democratic governor, Gaylord Nelson, is forty-three; its Democratic Senator, William Proxmire, is forty-four; the two leading mayoralty candidates in Milwaukee, both Democratic, are forty-eight and forty-two. Their strength, and the strength of their party, rests on the new alliance that sweeps from here all the way to the West Coast—the partnership between professional middle-class people in Wisconsin's small towns who provide leadership and ideas while a hard trade-union base provides troops, financing, and votes. The Wisconsin Democratic Party, described by one of the leaders in the transition as once only an "Irish-Polish marching society," has become respectable. It has drawn to itself half a dozen other ethnic groups in this polyglot state; and the broad Scandinavian support of the La Follette progressives in rural areas has begun to accept it as home. As in Michigan, Minnesota, and California, a solid Republican base has vanished; the homeland of Joe McCarthy may become permanently Democratic.

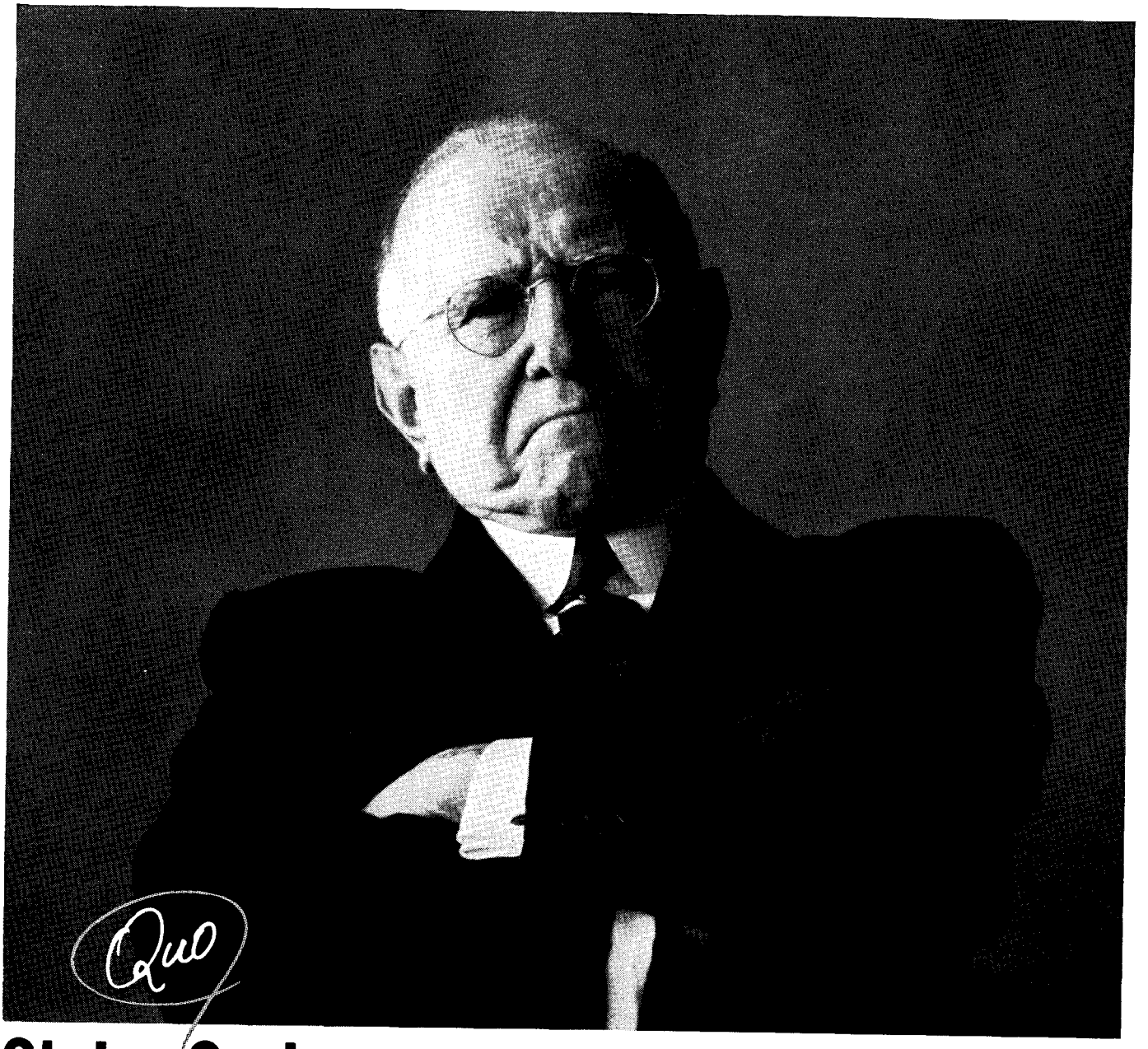
• • •

Primaries in American politics are traditionally the occasion of throat-cutting and blood-letting. This hard-fought primary may, however, be the departure for a new strength and surge on the part of Wisconsin Democrats, rather than a datemark in dissension and destruction. Astutely, Nelson and Proxmire have until now maintained a fictional neutrality between the two out-of-state rivals for their party's loyalty, neither wanting to see the party riven factionally while its 1958 victories are still unconsolidated. Thus, the Kennedy and Humphrey organizations have both been allowed to import their out-of-state staffs and their out-of-state techniques to free-wheel from Lake Superior to the Illinois border. With notable grace, Wisconsin leaders at every level have done their best to shove the Catholic-Protestant cleavage out of public discussion, ignoring as best they can the dominant political unknown of the primary race.

No one can tell yet where the center of gravity lies in this new alliance of respectable middle-class and labor union votes. With inexhaustible energy, Humphrey stumps the state, his evan-

(*Continued on page 55*)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Status Seeker Do you recognize him? Maybe he's a family friend or business associate. Maybe he holds public office up at City Hall...or down in Washington. He meets practically all problems with—*"Let well enough alone!"* Overcrowded classrooms? Understaffed hospitals? Big city slums? Threats of nuclear war? You'll never get a suggestion for solving these problems from him! You'll hardly get a sympathetic ear. Wedded to the present, indifferent to the future, he abhors "experimentation" and resists any new idea. Yet new ideas, it seems to us, are precisely what America now needs—*really* new ideas—plus the willingness of each of us to welcome them with open minds and to speak up for all those ideas that are worthy. Otherwise, the Status Quo Seeker will prevail, and America will *not*.

P.S. "Never let well enough alone" has always been Nationwide's credo. A pioneer in new ideas, its newest idea, SECURANCE, *is its most exciting:* **Se·cur′ance** (sē·kūr′ăns), *n.* A new program for true family security, originated by Nationwide Insurance. A method of providing through one representative all (or part) of one's *insurance*—life, health, home, car, property; may include car and home *financing*. Also refers to the unique system of *democratic participation* through which Nationwide's member-customers help determine the direction and scope of company services.

IN SERVICE WITH PEOPLE
NATIONWIDE
America's most progressive insurance organization

Nationwide Mutual Ins. Co./Nationwide Mutual Fire Ins. Co./
Nationwide Life Ins. Co./Home Office: Columbus, O.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRADE Winds

A BELL RANG outside the Grand Ballroom of New York's Hotel Astor at exactly five P.M. on March 23, and more than one thousand authors, critics, librarians, newsmen, and agents sifted forward in a quiet surge to attend the literary world's equivalent of the Oscar ceremonies—the presentation of the National Book Awards, now in their eleventh year.

"If the floor of the Grand Ballroom should suddenly become quicksand," said one caustic observer, "the entire publishing world would either be destroyed or improved; I can't quite make up my mind which."

It wasn't long before Whitney North Seymour's gavel quieted the literate rumblings of the giant room, and the show was under way. As chairman of the National Book Committee—a cluster of good citizens who have set their minds to fostering the wider and wiser use of books—Mr. Seymour, with the help of some colleagues, has taken over the job of administering the event for its sponsors, the American Book Publishers Council, the American Booksellers Association, and the Book Manufacturers' Institute.

THE JOB OF PICKING the most distinguished American books of poetry, nonfiction, and fiction out of the 12,000 or so new books a year isn't an easy one; it's likely to lead both to strained eyes and to strained nerves. This year, three separate committees dug into the job with courage, resolve, and black coffee and came up with the names of Robert Lowell for poetry ("Life Studies," Farrar, Straus and Cudahy); Richard Ellmann for nonfiction ("James Joyce," Oxford); and Philip Roth ("Goodbye, Columbus," Houghton Mifflin). Incidentally, of the three, only Ellmann got the nod from *SR*'s own national straw-vote poll (March 26).

CITED FOR poems ". . . of fierce and immediate compassion . . . which strike through the private dimension to document the pressures of an age," Mr. Lowell went on in his acceptance speech to describe a recent phone call to his publisher.

A reluctant secretary asked: "*What* Mr. Lowell? What firm do you belong to?"

After telling of this rebuff, he went on to conclude that when he had finished "Life Studies," his career was left hanging on a question mark—and he doesn't yet know whether it is a "life line or a death rope."

Mr. Ellmann, in his acceptance, reached the conclusion that biographies ought to be long enough to give a vivid, fully rounded picture of the subject involved. (His runs to 842 pages.)

Mr. Roth, at twenty-seven the youngest author to receive a National Book Award, pointed out in his acceptance

that there is a tendency today for authors to talk about things too much, rather than writing about them.

Mason W. Gross, president of Rutgers, concluded the formalities with a sharp and provocative address which criticized today's tendency toward a plenitude of words and a scarcity of ideas. Literature, he said, needs to rise out of powerful convictions.

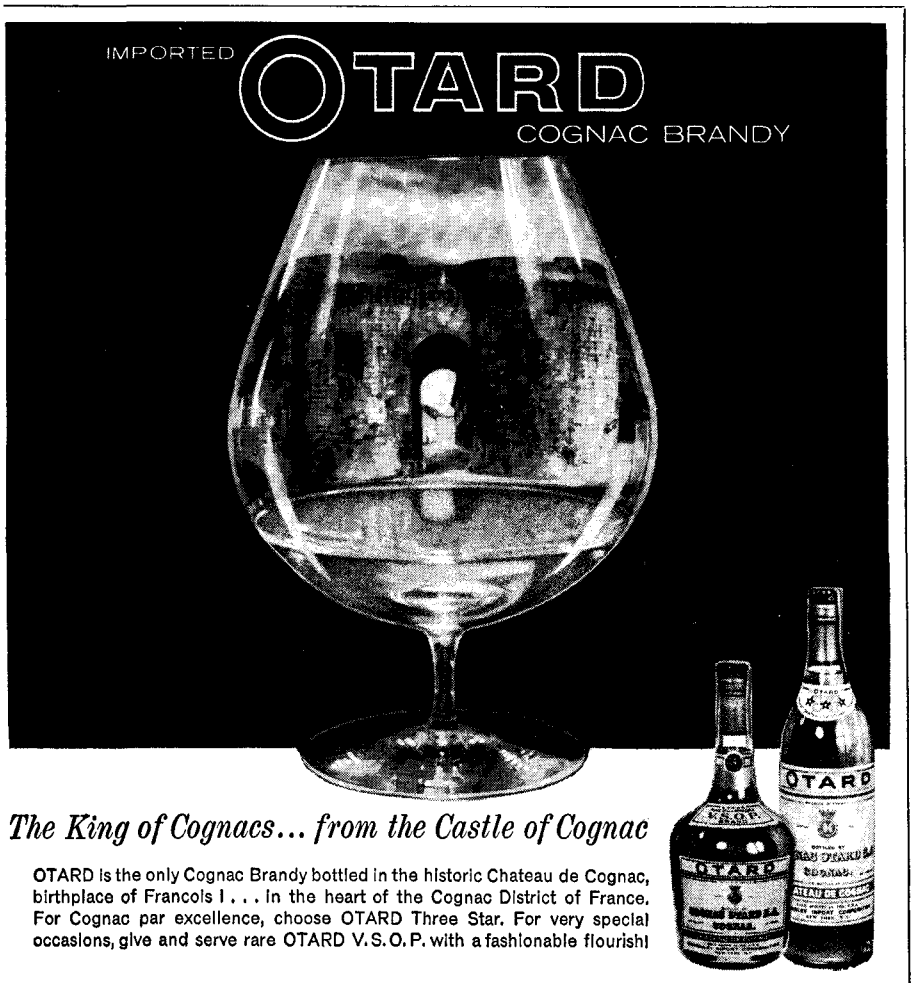
WITH THE FORMALITIES over, an all-court press toward the refreshment department took place, with all the characteristic cacophony associated with this sort of situation.

"I cannot get the idea out of my mind," said the same gloomy observer, "that I am looking at a thousand penguins on a bleak arctic shore."

Actually, though, there was nothing bleak about this notable gathering. Perle Mesta was talking animatedly to a group of out-of-town reviewers. Henry Morgan was conversing in a corner, wearing one of his unaccustomed smiles. Ira Wolfert, William L. Shirer, Max Wilk, Gerold Frank, Ayn Rand, Richard Bissell, Bosley Crowther, and Cleveland Amory were among the others we could identify quickly in the subway crush of the post-award reception, where it would have been difficult to spot a close relative.

NEXT MORNING, we talked briefly with the three winners, each recovered from the pleasant trauma of the experience.

"I feel splendid about the whole thing," Richard Ellmann told us, "but


IMPORTED
OTARD
COGNAC BRANDY
The King of Cognacs... from the Castle of Cognac
OTARD is the only Cognac Brandy bottled in the historic Chateau de Cognac, birthplace of Francois I . . . In the heart of the Cognac District of France. For Cognac par excellence, choose OTARD Three Star. For very special occasions, give and serve rare OTARD V.S.O.P. with a fashionable flourish!
IMPORTED OTARD COGNAC • V.S.O.P., 80 PROOF • 3 STAR, 84 PROOF • SCHENLEY IMPORT CO., N.Y.

PROPERTY OF SATURDAYREVIEW.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Is this common sense? Spending $10,000,000,000 to lose a year?

Doesn't make sense, does it? Yet that is exactly what is being urged on the U. S. by the lobbyists for more government-in-the-electric-business. And all America's taxpayers would have to pay for this peculiar deal.

AVOIDING SHARE OF TAXES

Here's how it works. The advocates of federal electric power systems want government to spend $10,000,000,000 *more* on top of about $5,500,000,000 of taxpayers' money already spent. These so-called "public power" systems are exempt from all federal taxation, and largely from any state or local taxing.

On the other hand, $10,000,000,000 spent by independent electric companies would *produce* about $350,000,000 yearly in federal, local and state taxes, at today's rates.

TAXPAYERS PAY TWICE

So the "public power" proposal boils down to hitting most taxpayers *twice:* use their taxes to build government power systems—and tap them for the share of taxes that government systems escape.

UNNECESSARY SPENDING

The tragic fact is that more spending for such federal power programs would be unnecessary. The hundreds of independent electric companies are able and ready to provide for the nation's growing electric needs. They are financed by investors instead of taxpayers. They've proved they can supply plenty of low-price power *without* using tax money to do it.

WHAT YOU CAN DO

The choice seems so easy you wonder why it's necessary to talk about it. But that $10 billion may be spent for more federal "public power" because so very few people know the facts.

Will you help spread the word? The coupon below will bring you more facts and figures. Check the information you want. It will come promptly, at no charge.

AMERICA'S INDEPENDENT ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER COMPANIES

POWER COMPANIES
Room 1112-O, 1271 Ave. of the Americas, New York 20, N.Y.

Please send material checked below:

☐ The new, free booklet, "Who Pays for Government-in-the-Electric-Business?"... telling how my taxes are affected when the government gets into the electric business, and important facts about the independent electric companies.

☐ Names of companies that sponsor this advertisement.

NAME_____
(Please print)

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE___ STATE_____

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Don't miss these Scribner hits!

THE CONSTANT IMAGE

by Marcia Davenport. "One of the most intelligent love stories of our times."—AUBREY MENEN
4th printing $3.95

THE CURTAIN FALLS

by Maurice Druon. "In the grand tradition of Tolstoi . . . a picture of France in turmoil between the two great world wars."—HENRY CAVENDISH
2nd printing $5.95

THE SEARCH FOR TABATHA CARR

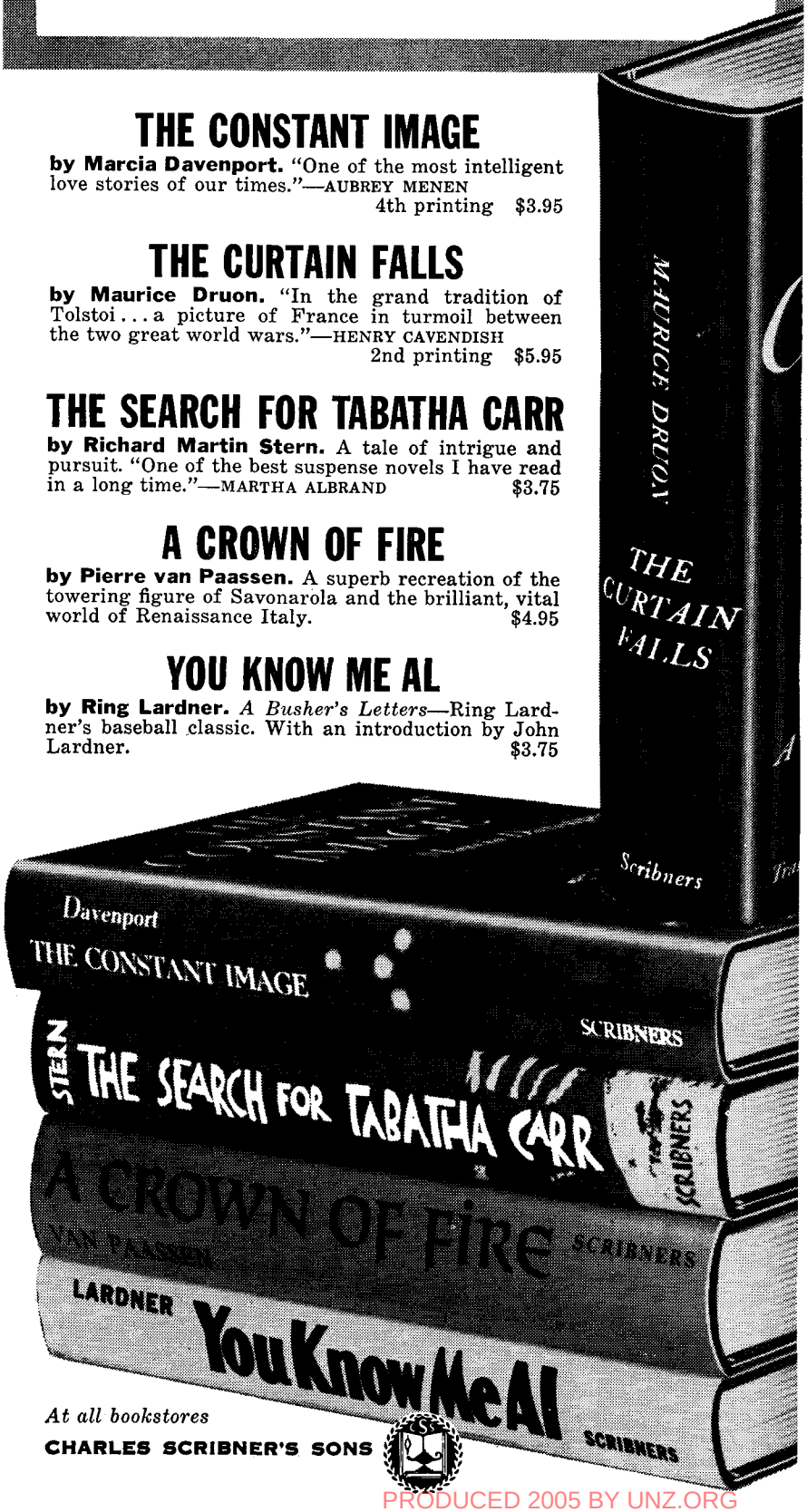
by Richard Martin Stern. A tale of intrigue and pursuit. "One of the best suspense novels I have read in a long time."—MARTHA ALBRAND $3.75

A CROWN OF FIRE

by Pierre van Paassen. A superb recreation of the towering figure of Savonarola and the brilliant, vital world of Renaissance Italy. $4.95

YOU KNOW ME AL

by Ring Lardner. *A Busher's Letters*—Ring Lardner's baseball classic. With an introduction by John Lardner. $3.75



At all bookstores
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

I'm not exactly sure just where I'm headed from here. I'll be teaching at Indiana University this summer in what is called the School of Letters, and then hope to go on to Rome next year for a new project which I haven't yet defined exactly.

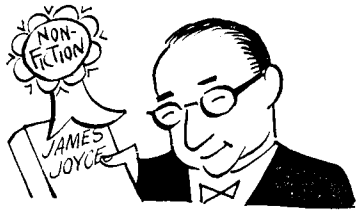
"You know, I've been just about drowning in Joyce for a long stretch of time now, but I'm going to give him a lingering farewell in editing the second volume of his collected letters."

Mr. Ellmann is a relentless and exact biographer. He tracked down people and information in Dublin, London, Zurich, Trieste, Paris, Copenhagen, and many other parts of Europe in creating his definitive biography.

"A biographer has to be a detective, if nothing else," he told us. "Questions must be asked about infinite details which sometimes might baffle the respondent. What kind of tobacco did he smoke? How did he walk? What did he say exactly when you spoke to him? What kind of pictures did he have on the wall? What kind of furniture did he have?"

Ellmann was able to get the quality of response he needed from such painstaking questioning, which gave the book the extra dimension needed to set it apart from the routine biography.

"For instance," Mr. Ellmann went on, "I discovered Joyce had once said:



'I used to like pictures—but now the nails on the wall are enough.' Or one time when his portrait was being painted, the artist told him that he liked to project the soul of the subjects he painted. 'Never mind the soul,' Joyce told him. 'Just get the tie straight.'

Particular trouble was encountered in keeping the amplified behavior of his subject within the planned structure of

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1358)

ERWIN R. GOODENOUGH:

HONEST DOUBT

(From *Yale Alumni Magazine;* suggested by L. R. Gulick)

We do not have to have the whole. Questioning and research even at the edges of this Unknown will make us walk humbly and intimately with something greater than ourselves, whether we call it God or admit we do not know what to call it at all.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

#1 Book of the Year*

The Phenomenon of Man

By PIERRE TEILHARD DE CHARDIN, S.J.

A brilliant new conception of man's place in the universe

*ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE and GRAHAM GREENE in *The Observer* (London)

$5.00

J. B. Priestley's

LITERATURE AND WESTERN MAN

"More than a history of European and American literature . . . a sort of biography of Western man."—BASIL DAVENPORT, *Book-of-the-Month Club News.* "Priestley makes us feel that books are not for scholars and libraries but for men."—HOWARD MUMFORD JONES, *N. Y. Times Book Review*

512 pages with an Appendix of 124 brief biographies. $6.95

SENATOR

John F. Kennedy

speaks for himself in

THE STRATEGY OF PEACE

Statements on foreign policy and domestic issues—

Edited and with an Introduction by **ALLAN NEVINS**

$3.50

William Shakespeare

THE COMPLETE WORKS

Edited by CHARLES JASPER SISSON

Newly printed and handsomely bound, this volume represents the finest and most modern editing. "The most *complete* 'Complete Shakespeare' I have ever seen."
—IVOR BROWN. $7.50

Again available! Two more superb LORD PETER WIMSEY novels by

Dorothy L. Sayers

GAUDY NIGHT

BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON

Each $3.95

HARPER & BROTHERS has now reprinted ten of the Lord Peter Wimsey mysteries. See your bookseller.

W. W. Rostow

THE UNITED STATES IN THE WORLD ARENA

AN ESSAY IN RECENT HISTORY

The author—Professor of Economic History, M.I.T.—"gets to the heart of the big things that are happening in the world."—AUGUST HECKSCHER. "Brilliant."—ALLAN NEVINS.

$8.75

AT ALL BOOKSTORES **HARPER & BROTHERS, N. Y. 16**

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The most thrilling account ever written of man's heroic battle against death

"IN this beautifully written book . . . it is possible to experience vicariously surgery's greatest triumphs. One reads of surgical history in the making and lives with its progenitors as they brilliantly and courageously explore unknown fields. The excitement, the emotional tension, and the fascination the reader experiences as he visualizes the scenes of these epoch-making events are testimony to the skill of the author."
— Dr. F. J. Braceland, N. Y. TIMES BOOK REVIEW

THE TRIUMPH OF SURGERY

By JÜRGEN THORWALD
Author of *The Century of the Surgeon*

62 illustrations, bibliography, index, handsomely bound
$6.50, now at your bookstore

"One of the best novels of its kind

to come out of Germany since the end of the war . . . Accomplished and far-reaching." — *Frederic Morton*, N. Y. TIMES BOOK REVIEW

"Anyone who wants to understand West Germany today should read this novel." — *Charles Poore*, NEW YORK TIMES

THE FINAL BALL

By GERD GAISER

A relentlessly exciting tale of suspense about a gay graduation ball that turns into a bizarre night of terror

$3.95, now at your bookstore

PANTHEON

the book. "I tried to work on the premise," Ellmann said, "that each chapter should reflect accurately a state of mind as well as a spot of time."

THE RESULTS OF ELLMANN'S techniques have paid off handsomely, but during the process of the job there were many moments of questioning and despair.

"The money from the National Book Award will be mighty helpful in getting a Citroen in Rome next year," he told us, "to say nothing of the gratification. The main question in my mind, though, is whether I've been able to make the reader feel he knows the man thoroughly."

Reviews from all over the country answer that question for him.

REVEALING his characteristic New England thrift, Lowell said that he was planning to lay aside his $1,000 in prize money while he continued teaching at Boston University and working on translations into English of several foreign poets, including Pasternak.

"I'm calling the collection 'Imitations,' because they're not completely accurate translations, but rather poetic interpretations of them. For instance, I'm working from a literal English translation as far as Pasternak is concerned, and the final result will be a poem combining both our poetic efforts."

Mr. Lowell writes slowly, with gruelling discipline, and does not believe that the Beat school of rapid-fire writing has yet produced a genuine master.

"The Beat movement has a great many things to recommend it," he told us. "But it seems to be in suspense right now, and tough, hard discipline is still lacking."

His favorite poets at the moment are Williams, Tate, Frost, and a few others —and of course the classics of the past.

"They can never be ignored in poetry," he said.

PHILIP ROTH, refreshed by a healthy sleep at the Hotel Astor, admitted to a very pleasant sensation as the aftermath of the award.

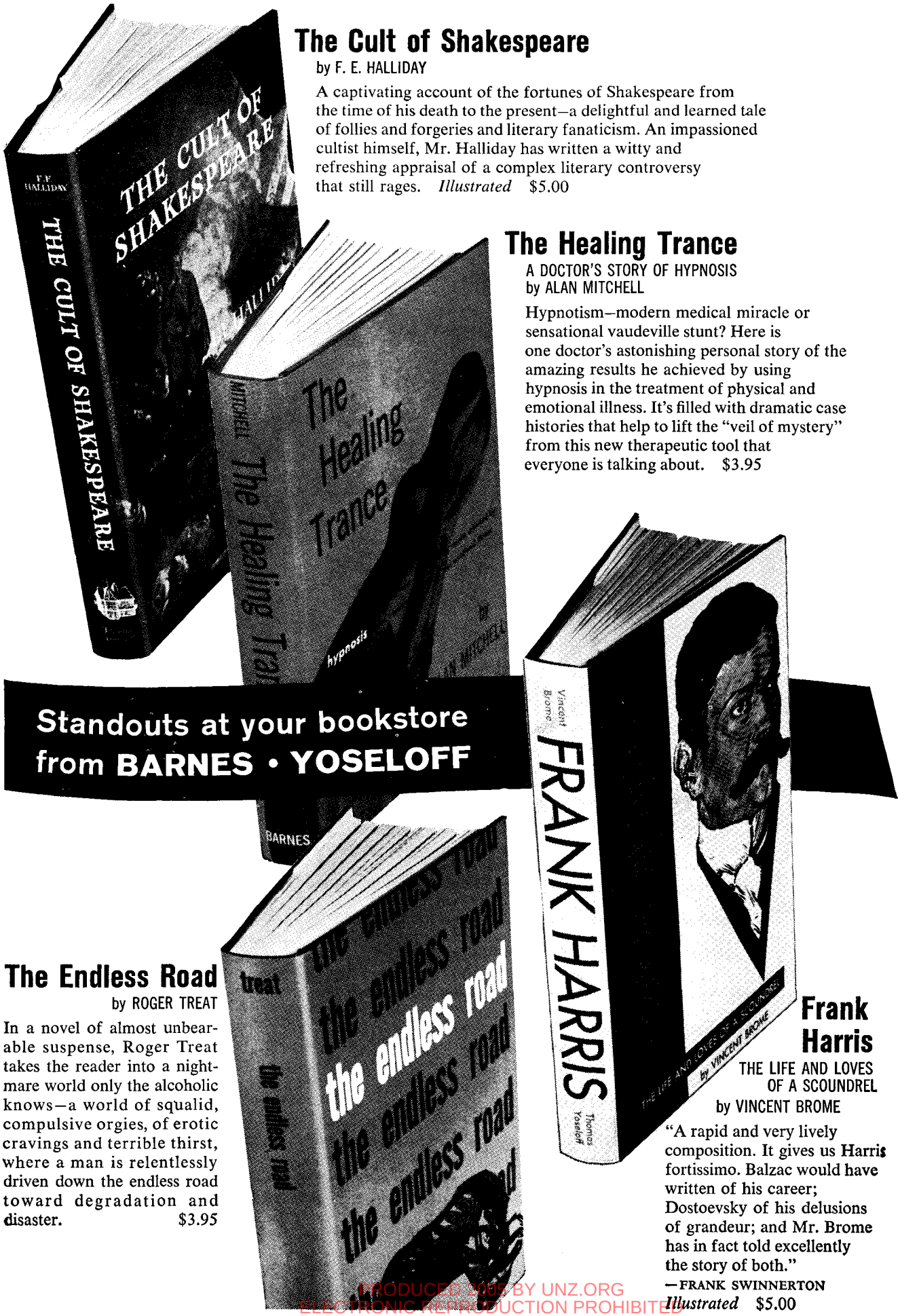
"I'm working over in Rome on a new novel, and will be for about another year," he said. "I put in an average of about five hours a day, and keep at it pretty consistently."

And what is he going to do with his prize money?

"Spend it," he said.

—JOHN G. FULLER.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Cult of Shakespeare

by F. E. HALLIDAY

A captivating account of the fortunes of Shakespeare from the time of his death to the present—a delightful and learned tale of follies and forgeries and literary fanaticism. An impassioned cultist himself, Mr. Halliday has written a witty and refreshing appraisal of a complex literary controversy that still rages. *Illustrated* $5.00

The Healing Trance

A DOCTOR'S STORY OF HYPNOSIS
by ALAN MITCHELL

Hypnotism—modern medical miracle or sensational vaudeville stunt? Here is one doctor's astonishing personal story of the amazing results he achieved by using hypnosis in the treatment of physical and emotional illness. It's filled with dramatic case histories that help to lift the "veil of mystery" from this new therapeutic tool that everyone is talking about. $3.95

The Endless Road

by ROGER TREAT

In a novel of almost unbearable suspense, Roger Treat takes the reader into a nightmare world only the alcoholic knows—a world of squalid, compulsive orgies, of erotic cravings and terrible thirst, where a man is relentlessly driven down the endless road toward degradation and disaster. $3.95

Frank Harris

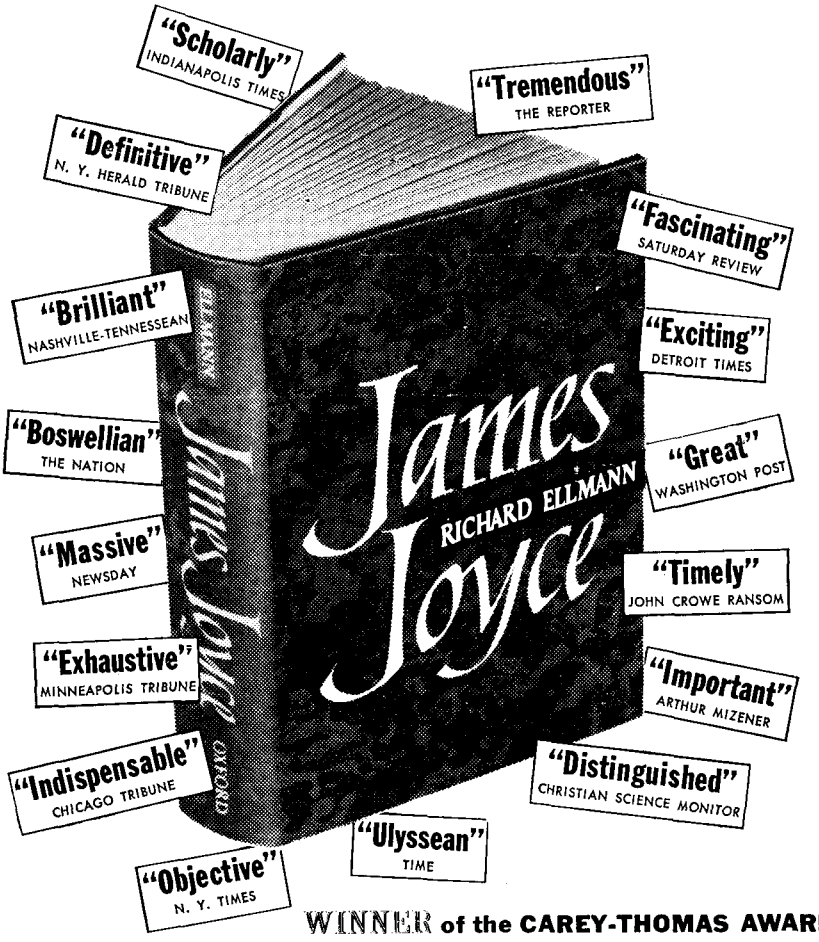
THE LIFE AND LOVES OF A SCOUNDREL
by VINCENT BROME

"A rapid and very lively composition. It gives us Harris fortissimo. Balzac would have written of his career; Dostoevsky of his delusions of grandeur; and Mr. Brome has in fact told excellently the story of both."
—FRANK SWINNERTON
Illustrated $5.00

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WINNER
National Book Award

for "the most distinguished work of non-fiction of the year"



WINNER of the CAREY-THOMAS AWARD

WINNER of the national poll of critics, conducted by *Saturday Review*

858 pages • 36 illustrations • $12.50 at all bookstores

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

Eighth Annual
Saturday Review Awards
For Public Interest Advertising

Coming in April 23rd Issue

Must reading for everyone
Interested in communications patterns
In Contemporary America

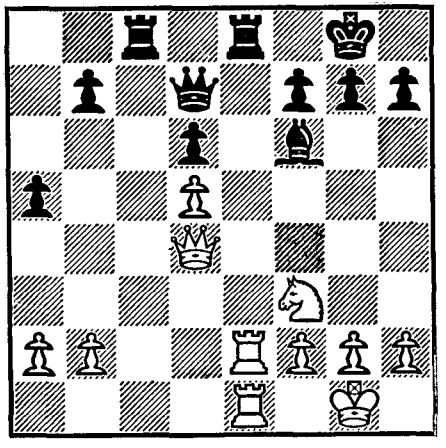
Chess Corner–No. 33

IF A dozen different masters were asked what was the greatest combination they had ever witnessed, there would be at least a dozen different replies. There are some who favor mad brilliancy, sacrifice of piece after piece with a stinger at the tail end. There are others who prefer the profound, well-concealed plan that opens the way to minute gain, which, by a process of conversion, leads to the eventual denouement. Some accent strategy, others tactics. Some insist on soundness, others on swindle. None, however, would deny the following game its share of immortality. The wild gyrations of White's Queen in the finale are, indeed, unique in the annals of chess.

PHILIDOR'S DEFENSE

E. Z. Adams White
Carlos Torre Black

1	P-K4	P-K4	9	N-Q5	BxN
2	N-KB3	P-Q3	10	PxB	O-O
3	P-Q4	PxP	11	B-N5	P-B3
4	QxP	N-QB3	12	P-B4	PxP
5	B-QN5	B-Q2	13	PxP	R-K1
6	BxN	BxB	14	KR-K1	P-QR4
7	N-B3	N-B3	15	R-K2	R-QB1
8	O-O	B-K2	16	QR-K1	Q-Q2
		17 BxN		BxB	



In this innocuous looking position, White has a forced win in six moves!

18 Q-KN4! Q-N4

Clearly not 18.....QxQ 19 RxRch with mate to follow.

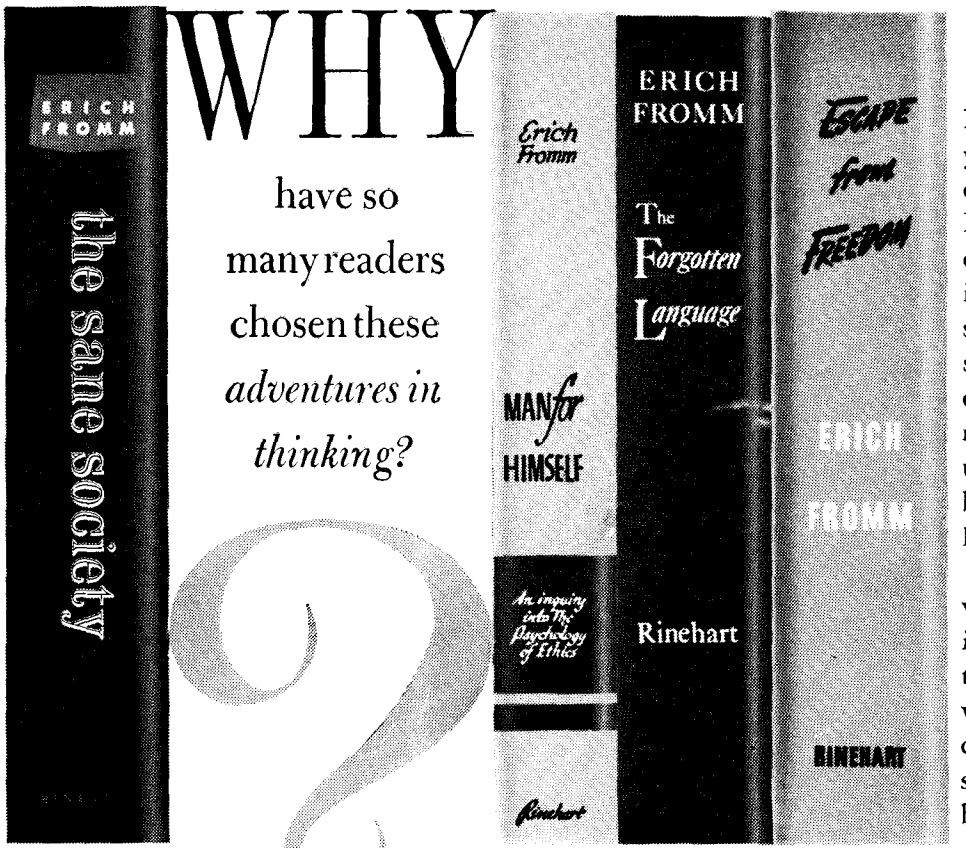
19 Q-QB4!	Q-Q2
20 Q-B7!	Q-N4
21 P-QR4	QxRP

The geometric motif of driving Black's Queen from the defense of the Rook is a revelation.

22 R-K4!	Q-N4
23 QxNP	Resigns

—AL HOROWITZ.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



During the past twenty years, a steadily growing audience has found that Erich Fromm's books unlock the doors to greater understanding of themselves and their society. At a time when new self-help "best sellers" are dramatically announced almost every week, the continuing appeal of Dr. Fromm's books is something of a publishing phenomenon.

If you are not yet familiar with Erich Fromm's books—if you have heard people talking about them and have wondered what these books can offer you—read these descriptions—and then try the books.

by **ERICH FROMM**

ESCAPE FROM FREEDOM

Here Dr. Fromm applies his own methods to some of the major illnesses of our civilization – and, to quote Margaret Mead, "presents, with vivid concise statement, the dilemma of too much freedom *from*, too little freedom *to*, which is crushing man today and threatening to force him back to authoritarianism . . ." In case you feel puzzled about what freedom really means and what the real roots of Dictatorship and conformism are, read this book. In the words of the *N. Y. Herald Tribune Book Review*, it's "an important and challenging book." 19 printings. $3.75

MAN FOR HIMSELF

Like medicine, engineering, writing – living itself is an art, an art which is based on knowledge of yourself as you are and as you would like to become. Dr. Fromm shows you how psychology can help you to decide for yourself what standards to live by. His book is not a prescription for happiness; rather it is a stimulus to the kind of self-questioning which is the only true road to health and happiness. Because it relates the problems of right and wrong to the fundamentals of human nature, and establishes a system of ethical values on the empirical basis of the knowledge of man, *Man for Himself* is a striking departure from most books on psychology, as well as on ethics. The *Saturday Review* calls it "a new trend in the study of man [making] its first appearance in these pages . . . magnificent in its implications." 14 printings. $3.75

THE FORGOTTEN LANGUAGE

Before man can truly understand his world he must understand himself, says Dr. Fromm. In *The Forgotten Language*, he gives you a key to yourself in his discussion of dreams. Cryptic and symbolic, the language of dreams needs explanation in order to be understood. Here Dr. Fromm explains the meaning of dreams and analyzes the symbolic language of myths like the Oedipus story, fairy tales, and works of art like Kafka's *The Trial*. "There has been a crying need for exactly this kind of book . . . the remarkable value lies in the fact that it shows how men may learn again to communicate with themselves and their fellows."– *N. Y. Times Book Review*
5 printings. $3.75

THE SANE SOCIETY

Perhaps Fromm's most ambitious work, this analyzes the fundamental conditions of human existence and man's basic needs and passions resulting from these conditions. It deals with the nature of our striving for love, the nature of hate, destructiveness, sadism and masochism. It surveys man's place in modern society, his growing sense of alienation from his fellowman, from himself and from nature; his escape into over-conformity; his losing struggle to maintain identity. It shows how we *can* avoid robotism and build a society in which the emphasis is upon man and not upon things; on *being*, and not on *using*; a society which puts man back into the saddle, and makes him control circumstances, rather than being controlled by them. 9 printings. $5.00

This is the time to discover Erich Fromm's work—he can help you discover yourself! If you nourish a healthy conviction that today's accent on security and "adjustment" may well be the greatest threat possible to a free and healthy society, you owe it to yourself to read and enjoy – and profit from – these distinguished books.

At all booksellers

HOLT, RINEHART AND WINSTON, INC.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ON THE BEACH

"For a series of stories having outstanding impact on official and public policy," The Houston POST won the 1959 HEADLINERS CLUB award, one of the most prized newspaper awards in Texas. A State Supreme Court decision had imperiled the public's continued free access to Texas' beaches. The POST'S series on obscure land laws and the hard-hitting day-to-day coverage of the fight for the beaches in the Legislature led to the passage of a bill making secure continued free public access to the seashore.

THE HOUSTON POST 75th ANNIVERSARY

SPOKESMAN FOR THE GROWING SOUTHWEST

THE HOUSTON POST

COPYRIGHT 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saturday Review
APRIL 9, 1960

THE EDITOR WHO OUTWHISTLED SHAW

Reminiscences about the man who published "The Education of Henry Adams," gave Mencken a going-to-jail party, and discovered a young writer named Adolf Hitler

In a scene sketched in 1943 by Angna Enters, Mrs. George Bernard Shaw awards the winner's laurels to Ferris Greenslet after his penny whistling contest with GBS.

By DALE WARREN, *a member of the editorial staff of the Houghton Mifflin publishing firm.*

WHEN I CAME to Boston in the mid-Twenties fresh from Scott Fitzgerald's Princeton, it seemed the natural thing for me to present myself at the Park Street offices of Houghton Mifflin Company. I rode up in the elevator with the best-selling novelist Olive Higgins Prouty and, when she had finished her business with the editor-in-chief, or editorial director, as he slightly preferred, found myself in his rather intimidating presence. Ferris Greenslet, with his back to the now defunct historic elms of Boston Common, was smoking an underslung pipe. Wanting to be quick with an opening gambit, I asked if he had got the idea from General Dawes or vice versa. As this seemed to go over rather well, and as he shortly rose to "consult my partner in the back room," I felt certain that the job was already mine, and wondered if I were to be offered a desk in one of the front rooms overlooking the Common, or in the back of the building which gave onto the Granary Burying Ground, with its stone slab marking the last remains of Mother Goose. Instead I found myself on the noon train back to New York, where I pounded the pavements for a good two years.

Then one day a telegram came which said: "If you still want a job with H.M., come and get it." It was signed by my friend Esther Forbes, who was then working as an editorial assistant, and in her spare time secretly finishing her first novel, "O Genteel Lady!" which was eventually chosen by the newly formed Book-of-the-Month Club and was to launch its author on a distinguished literary career. My first assignment was not in Editorial but in Publicity, where I spent an exciting day writing something or other about "The World of Dreams," by Havelock Ellis—and dreams they were. It should be pointed out that I came in through the back door as it were, as the editor-in-chief was then in England on one of his periodic editorial-angling expeditions. It was not until a week or so later that I met him again, this time in the hallway, and was greeted by a brusque "Mr. Warren, I presume." He was still smoking his pipe, but by this time the underslung experiment, which never really caught on, had been replaced by a highly polished and more conventional model from Bond Street.

My permanent arrival at Park Street almost coincided with a brief visit by H. L. Mencken, who elected to have himself arrested within a stone's throw of the entrance. I give a pithy account of the affair in Ferris Greenslet's own words: "Herbert Asbury had printed in Mencken's *Mercury* a touching, somberly humorous story of a prostitute who conducted her business in a freight car on a siding back of a cemetery. She went penitently to church, but when refused salvation on her record, went back to the freight car. When the sale of that number became taboo

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in Boston, Mencken, whooping joyfully, came over to sell one in person on the historic Common. The night before I gave him a dinner at the St. Botolph Club—a sort of going-away-to-jail party; and next morning, watching from my window, I saw my guest amidst a crowd of applauding spectators commit the overt act, and enter the wagon for a ride. The case was dismissed by a wise judge, who thought that a person of sufficient intelligence to have acquired fifty cents and to be willing to spend it for a magazine of high literary quality, would not be menacingly inflamed by the reading of 'Hatrack.'" With his own well-considered convictions regarding the "pure" and the "impure," Mr. Greenslet did not look charitably on censorship in any of its manifestations.

Over FG's desk in those days, and for years thereafter—he was affectionately and almost universally called FG by members of the staff, although no calligrapher even with a microscope could have deciphered his initialed signature—there hung a galaxy of photographs framed along with characteristic letters from the subjects thereof. I remember Viscount Grey of Fallodon—before the lights went out all over Europe—and Bliss Perry in appropriate fishing togs. Next came John Buchan and Rafael Sabatini, "two of my old fishing buddies." Above them, with fishing paraphernalia conspicuously absent, were Havelock Ellis draped in a long white beard, Amy Lowell in pince-nez, Willa Cather in elaborate brocade, and Anne Douglas Sedgwick looking as always like a Dresden doll. Soon to join them came two of his "discoveries," the youthful Esther Forbes and the even more youthful Oliver La Farge. Lloyd Douglas and Archibald MacLeish never seem to have made it. Nor Cornelia Otis Skinner. Nor Adolf Hitler, whose musings made literary and political history in the late Thirties and early Forties, and who was one of FG's most brilliant "discoveries."

OFTEN, when you wanted something okayed in a hurry and went into FG's room, he would clear his throat, grunt, and come up with one of his favorite alibis: "I am sorry but in ten minutes I am giving Angna Enters a brook trout and a bottle of Moselle at Locke-Ober's." Strangely, I never encountered brook trout or any other piscatorial delicacy at his own table, either in Charles River Square or in nearby Ipswich where he weekended, yet at Sabatini's hospitable retreat in Herefordshire there was always a surfeit of salmon twice a day, deftly lifted from the River Wye, where FG and the author of "Scaramouche" had spent many a contented and congenial hour.

It was a proud boast of FG's that his visits to London were always heralded more enthusiastically in the *Fishing Gazette*, to which he was a contributor, than by the *Bookseller*, or what I believe was then called the *Publishers' Circular*. John Buchan, not yet Lord Tweedsmuir, was on weekend call, and when he published his novel, "Courts of the Morning," it was dedicated to Ferris Greenslet in graceful verse, which concluded:

> Your land, old friend, is one with mine,
> Whate'er may hap from time to tide,
> While, with St. Izaak the Divine,
> We worship at the waterside.
> To compensate for the absence of

fresh trout, striped bass, or salmon from the dining table of one who knew the streams and rivers from the Laurentians to the Hebrides, I do remember a handsome silver cigar cutter in the place of honor on an equally handsome piece of mahogany close to the Greenslets' library fireplace. It had long been used to good purpose by Amy Lowell while she burned the midnight oil and dreamed of "Lilacs." Turning one evening to her friend and companion, he said rather facetiously: "Ada, you should never have given me Amy's favorite cigar cutter." To which Mrs. Russell quickly rejoined: "Ferris, you never should have asked for it." This was one of the few times that I ever saw FG floored. He had an undisputed genius for the last word—as well as for the *mot juste*, an expression he used almost daily.

THE only other occasion when I recall his being at loss for a comeback was once when he sent me upstairs to find out the date on which a certain title would be bound and ready for delivery. I made my inquiry of the tart and portly lady, of unmistakable Boston mien, who had such things in charge, and returned below to report. The answer I had received was in the form of another question, and I delivered it just as it was hurled at me: "Am I the law that governs the drying of *ink*?" The accent lay heavily on the final word.

FG was a man of passionate, if few, hobbies. I would put words in first place—words English, French, Latin, or whatever—words in their selection, juxtaposition, and arrangement on the printed page. Second, I would place angling, preferably dry-fly fishing. Third came games of chance, polite parlor games such as bridge, backgammon, and dominoes, indulged in chiefly after lunch at the St. Botolph Club with such bitter-enders as Ben Ames Williams, Walter Edmonds, Dick Fuller of the Old Corner Bookstore, and Ted Weeks of the *Atlantic*. In New York, his club was the Century. His success, or lack of it, would often make or mar his afternoon. Music came somewhere down the line, and he vastly preferred a Saturday night symphony to the latest theatrical hit. However, it was only one of his favorite compositions or the most brilliant of conductors that could keep him from retiring in the neighborhood of 9:30 P.M.—probably with a book, or possibly with a manuscript.

I have always liked his definition of the three stages of reading: "When we are young, we read with excitement and wonder, to find out and forecast. Later, for pleasure and participation, sometimes for mere recollection and change. In the third stage, we read for memory and recognition." Again and again he returned to Montaigne, to Emerson, to Plutarch, to Shakespeare, to the Parliamentary novels of Trollope. He read the sixteen volumes of "The Arabian Nights" in French, and the complete Proust, checking the French with the English version. He read and studied Rilke in the original German. He was an enthusiastic booster of the young Thomas Wolfe, and was one of the earliest readers of "Ulysses." On his bedside table was a flock of murder mysteries, of which he admitted he was "an inordinate consumer." Dorothy Sayers he put at the top of the list. With such an out-of-the-office schedule, one would have supposed the fish to be safe. But they weren't.

There are few of us who have not heard from once to half a dozen times of his musical contest with Bernard Shaw. (He liked nothing better than telling a good story, except repeating it.) He and Shaw each performed on a penny whistle, and the palm went to FG, who rendered "Do Ye Ken John Peel?" He claimed to have forgotten the selection chosen by GBS. The judge, it might be added, was Mrs. Shaw.

Although the Buchan dedication gave its own distinctive fillip, two others stand beside it on the Park Street shelves. There is a slim volume by John Drinkwater, addressed "To Ferris Greenslet, good publisher, good fisherman, good friend," and a stouter one, "As God Made Them," by Gamaliel Bradford, which carries an even more impressive dedicatory page: "To Ferris Greenslet, who might have been the best of biographers, if he had not preferred a more useful function."

Bradford's testimonial was based on

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FG's early studies of Joseph Glanville, Walter Pater, James Russell Lowell, and Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Thirty-five busy publishing years were to elapse before he was again to take up his pen to set down his essay in recollection, "Under the Bridge," to be followed shortly by "The Lowells and Their Seven Worlds," a long-awaited sequel to his biography of James Russell Lowell. Finally there was the anthology, "The Practical Cogitator," wherein his wide reading and stimulating enthusiasm were matched by those of his collaborator, Charles P. Curtis, Jr. Bradford had written more prophetically than he knew.

"Under the Bridge" was not only FG's personal story, but also a spicy, individualistic record of a fascinating profession too often dulled by printer's ink. Henry Seidel Canby spoke for many when he wrote: "This scholar, gentleman, fisherman, and familiar philosopher has made his career as interesting as a novel, because, like the best novelists, he has seen through the eyes of a character—himself—the significance of action." In a letter, as postscript, he added: "I particularly like your descriptive faculty, whether you are writing of August in the spruce forests, or of Clemenceau at his desk."

"Here is biography at its very best," summarized John P. Marquand on the publication of "The Lowells and Their Seven Worlds." "It is a deftly genial narrative recorded affectionately and artistically, a brilliant, thoughtful piece of social history." The chronicler was not only warmly and deeply attracted to the members of this gifted family, numbering the younger members among his personal friends, but had far more than a nodding acquaintance with the various worlds in which they lived and functioned.

"Under the Bridge" opens with a long, detailed genealogical section which many of us thought might well have been pruned and shortened. However, it is more than redeemed by the inclusion of his ancestress, the widow Greenslet, Ann Pudeator, who was hanged as a witch, or "hag of Hell," on Gallows Hill in Salem in 1692. FG often pointed to her with pride, and he deeply resented the mass hysteria of which she was victim. He felt that the governor's "pardon" of 1957 came somewhat too late, and said as much in a conspicuous newspaper interview published at the time. His researches also revealed the fact that "her life would have been spared had she been willing to admit intercourse with Satan." The widow Greenslet will not be absent from the study of American witchcraft on which Esther Forbes is now at work.

FG was quick to spot vulgarity in all its manifestations, and in later years took a very dim view of the inordinately vulgar trappings that disfigure the Common each year in the name of Christmas. Likewise, he was unimpressed by intellectual pretension, whether Bostonian or Cantabridgian, so deftly pinpointed by Helen Howe, daughter of his old friend and associate M. A. DeWolfe Howe. He had little truck with the shoddy or the meretricious. His test of a manuscript was: "Does it bleed if you prick it?"; the question became a popular office slogan. He was on the constant lookout for literary hemophilia, and, to cite an early example, found it in Henry Sydnor Harrison's "Queed," which had failed to perform for most of the major New York publishers.

IN that far-distant, pre-airplane era, I often found myself traveling. FG did not object particularly to the five o'clock train to New York, which Arnold Bennett had dubbed the best thing about Boston, but he did not care for the midnight, the returning "Owl," or extended junkets. For fishing trips, he generally got behind the wheel of his jalopy. I went hither and yon, not so much as his substitute as his stand-in, and there was always the convenient excuse of "Publicity." In those unaccelerated days there was a far closer tie-in between Publicity and Editorial than there is at the present time. I remember going to West Chester, Pennsylvania, to keep the peace with Joseph Hergesheimer; to Chicago to be wined and dined by Janet Fairbank and teaed by Harriet Monroe in the offices of *Poetry;* to Long Island to talk with Wallace Irwin in a house in which Washington had actually slept; to Vermont to deliver a royalty check to Dorothy Thompson on her wedding day; to Richmond to flirt with Ellen Glasgow; to the New York docks to greet Ian Hay (his "First Hundred Thousand" actually did sell over 100,000) and to "spare no expense" in showing him speakeasy life, including Dorothy Parker. All this now seems rather tame, but at the time it was definitely exhilarating, today's harassed press agents and the hurly-burly of gray-flanneled Madison Avenue notwithstanding. For extended periods he anchored James Norman Hall, Jenny Ballou, and his crony Ford Madox Ford ("Didn't you find him a rather mussy old thing?") in my apartment, although it is perhaps fortunate that they were not there simultaneously.

Once I was sent to a palatial pile on the North Shore in an effort to placate the widow of an author of unquestioned distinction. After a half-hour wait, a crisp, starchy, and blackly attired figure, whom I took to be the housekeeper, pranced into the room, and before I could state my name and purpose, lit into me: "You killed my husband! Yes, that's just what you did! You and everybody like you—publishers, editors, reporters, politicians, and all the rest. Nobody living should have been driven so hard. You killed my husband! That's what you did. Now, we will go in and have lunch." The lunch was delicious; the dialogue, or rather, continued monologue, less so.

When I returned to the office by a mid-afternoon train, I reported the interview with astonishing accuracy. FG listened, paused, looked out of the window, and then, with his character-

(*Continued on page 54*)

"No, the humans don't want us for food. It just makes them happy when they haul us out of the water."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SHOULD A PUBLIC MAN WRITE?

By RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Richard L. Neuberger, who died on March 9, was known primarily as a free-lance writer before he was elected United States Senator from Oregon in 1955. Among the national publications for which he frequently wrote was Saturday Review, to which he contributed numerous articles and book reviews over a period of two decades. The following article represents his last effort as a writer. Written in response to attacks on his literary activities, it was in process of revision at the time of Senator Neuberger's death; it is printed here without the final alterations he had planned.*

AFTER THE 1959 session of Congress, I returned to Oregon to discover that the state chairman of the Republican Party had decided to make a major political issue out of the fact that I occasionally contribute articles about public matters to such periodicals as *The New York Times Magazine, Harper's, The Saturday Evening Post, Reader's Digest,* and *Saturday Review*. He claimed this literary activity meant I was neglecting my job as a Senator.

To say the least, I am nonplussed. In the first place, the lead article—some thirty-five pages long—in the December number of the *National Geographic Magazine* was entitled "Russia as I Saw It," by Vice President Richard M. Nixon, who presumably qualifies as a Republican in good standing. Furthermore, it evidently is quite all right for members of the United States Senate to be in the oil business, cattle business, television business, banking business, and department-store business. There is apparently nothing wrong if Senators retain affiliations with law firms that represent coal mines, distilleries, or labor unions.

But let a Senator write books or magazine articles, and that is "moonlighting" which demonstrates he is not attending properly to his public duties. All of this has me puzzled. If a Senator spends his spare time raising and selling Black Angus herds, no complaint attaches. But if a Senator should devote a weekend to composing an article about civil rights for *The New York Times* or about the plight of Indian tribes for *Harper's*, there is a presumption of original political sin on his part.

And yet I have found the reaction in my state to these attacks both encouraging and refreshing. In a word, the attacks have not gone over—not even in the Republican Party, whose chairman initiated them. The people have refused to buy the charge that a Senator is unfit for service because he spends some of his time writing for publication. For example, here is the verdict of one of Oregon's most eminent former Governors, Charles A. Sprague, himself a Republican, as expressed in the editorial columns of the *Oregon Daily Statesman* of Salem:

> When one who has a certain capacity for speaking or writing becomes a public figure his talent is not allowed to rust, and shouldn't be. . . . The written communications of those high in public office contribute to public understanding of issues. Even those written from party bias present "one side" in a controversy and provoke response from the "other side." Thus articles by Neuberger dealing with his observations of political life from his rare vantage point serve a wider purpose than just to supplement his salary, which he says wouldn't stretch to cover expenses. . . .

Other Oregon dailies, most of them of Republican affiliation, have commented in a similar vein. On top of all this, my office has received numerous letters from leading Republicans in Oregon, expressing indignation over a "confidential" memorandum circulated by their party's state chairman, outlining his plans for making my writing proclivities a dominant issue against me in the 1960 campaign. One former Republican county chairman, in a key county politically, said he had donated his last contribution to the Republican State Committee because of this type of attack. And in more than 100 speeches this past Fall to groups as varied as Rotary and Kiwanis clubs, Chambers of Commerce, labor unions, and Izaak Walton Leagues I have yet to be asked a hostile question about my writing. In essence, the attack has proved a total dud. It fizzled. The fuse flickered out.

At the height of the McCarthy era, it often was easy to ridicule a public man for reading, much less writing. Why did this particular denunciation of me fail in Oregon?

To begin with, Oregon is a highly literate state with an excellent school system. During the Korean War, 97 per cent of Oregon's GIs passed the intelligence tests given by the Army. Only one state ranked higher—Minnesota, with 97.3 per cent. Oregon ranks near the top, proportionately, in such categories as book purchases, magazine subscriptions, and library borrowings. All of these things had their influence, of course, when a prominent political leader tried to equate writing on the part of a Senator with high crimes and misdemeanors.

Yet a number of more or less fortuitous circumstances also have been of material assistance to me in this situation. It so happens that Oregon probably will have the most strategic of all Presidential preference primaries this year. Every potential candidate will be placed on the Oregon ballot, willy-nilly, whether he likes it or not. Thus Oregon is virtually infested with pilgrimaging aspirants for the highest elective office in the land. One of these is the very attractive Senator John F. Kennedy of Massachusetts, who owes a good deal of fame to the remarkable popularity of his book "Profiles in Courage," an account of bygone politicians who put principle first and survival at the polls second. With a spectacular bid for the White House pinned in no small measure on literary success, it became difficult for Oregon voters to see why their own Senator should be downgraded because he sometimes put pen to paper.

Indeed, I was told by a schoolteacher in the Columbia River salmon-fishing community of Astoria, "The students in my classes like Senator Kennedy best and you next, and you'd never guess the reason why. They're a whole lot more awed by people who can write than by those who can get elected to office!"

Furthermore, right at this time a national controversy arose over the writing of books and articles by celebrated members of the armed forces. Whether or not Admiral Hyman G. Rickover could copyright his stimulating speeches became a heated issue. The Pentagon also objected strenuous-

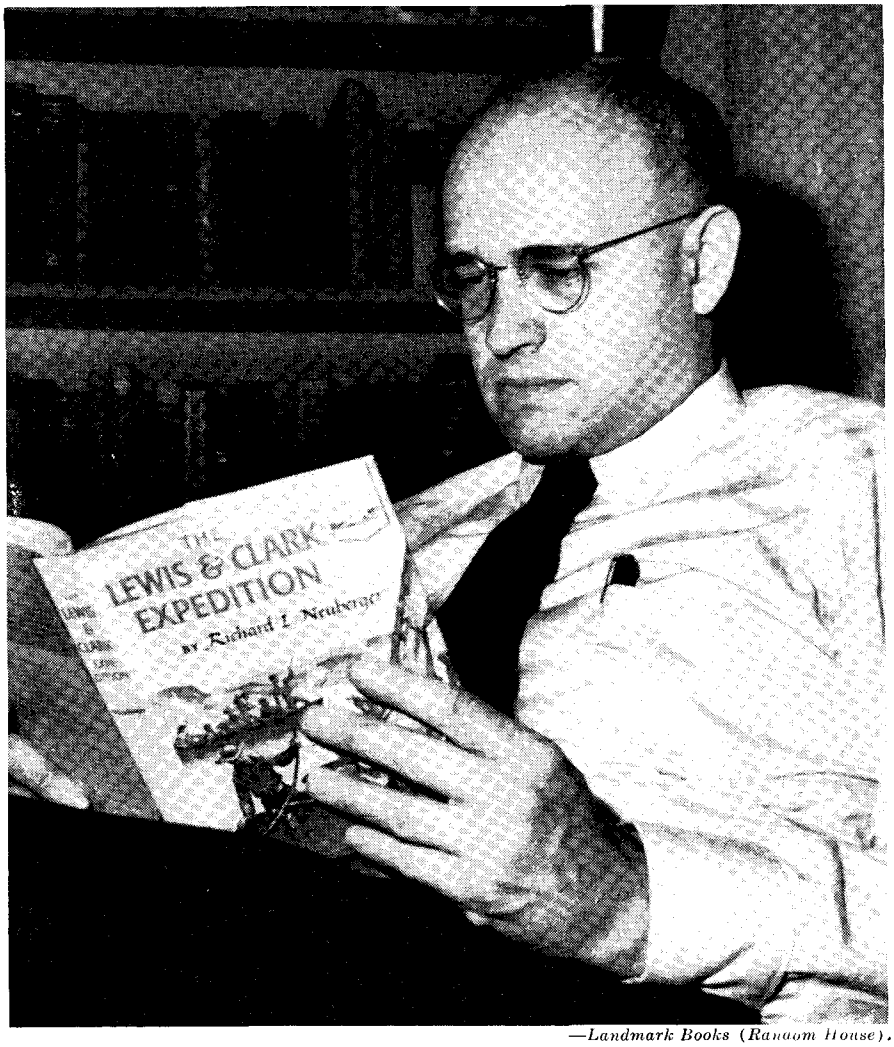
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ly to the publication by General Thomas S. Power, commander of the Strategic Air Command, of his book, "Design for Survival," which gave scant comfort to current defense policies. These episodes helped to emphasize the fact that elective officials are not the only Government employees engaged in occasionally putting their ideas on paper. And my friends in Oregon circulated widely a speech by Senator Stuart Symington of Missouri, an ardent partisan of General Power, which pointed out that such well-known American military leaders as Dwight D. Eisenhower, Mark Clark, and Omar N. Bradley had prepared their memoirs while on active military duty.

Yet the entire situation in Oregon has made me do a good deal of thinking about the question of public officials writing for publication. After all, why shouldn't they? If Vice President Nixon presented for the television networks a discussion of his journey to the Soviet Union, is there any valid reason why he should not write for the *National Geographic* on the same fascinating subject?

Many Senators and Representatives receive handsome speaking fees from groups like Knife and Fork Clubs, NAM chapters, Bonds for Israel, banking and utility conferences, and labor-union conventions. Some of these organizations have been known to lobby actively for specific legislative proposals, which is rare in a magazine or book publisher—although not completely out of the question. This is why Senator Clifford P. Case of New Jersey and I are sponsoring a bill to require that members of Congress and policy-making executive officials must list publicly all substantial outside income, including their speaking and writing fees. We see no objection whatsoever to speaking or writing for pay on the part of public officials, so long as the electorate can evaluate the connections or obligations thus created. After all, it was an unwholesome situation when Federal Communications Commissioners were being paid clandestinely to address broadcasters whom they were supposed to regulate.

Only once did I ever think a possible conflict of interest was involved even remotely in any of my writing. I had sold an article to *American Heritage* about the settlement of the Oregon frontier, in connection with our state's 100th anniversary. A few months later, the publisher of *American Heritage* sought second-class mailing privileges for his excellent periodical. These had been denied because *American Heritage*, unlike most magazines, has a stiff cover. I successfully sponsored legislation which admitted *American Heritage* to the same postal rate as other magazines. Although there was no connection whatsoever between the sale of my article and the meritorious bill dealing with the mailing fees assessed *American Heritage*, I felt—under all the circumstances—that I should donate the $500 which I had received in payment for the article to Portland State College as a scholarship in Oregon history.



—*Landmark Books (Random House).*

The late Senator Neuberger with the first book he wrote for juveniles.

Yet had I actively opposed this legislation, instead of sponsoring it, I am certain that my writings still would have been welcome in the pages of *American Heritage*. A public man incurs less obligation in writing than in any other form of activity which might widen his field of influence or augment his income.

SOME political figures flinch from committing themselves to print for several reasons. They remember the comment in the Book of Job: "My desire is . . . that mine adversary had written a book." The printed word cannot be called back, but a controversial speech can frequently be labeled as a misquotation. The *Congressional Record* may be doctored and edited even after the transcript has been prepared. But the periodicals indexed in *Reader's Guide* are inflexible. On top of all this, a political figure speaking from the stump often can get by on oratory and rhetoric. Sound and fury become substitutes for substance. Editors are sterner critics than the populace who crowd in front of the lectern or speaking stump. Most political speeches are insufferably dull to read. However, the politician who writes for a periodical of stature must have something worth while to say. I have labored far harder and longer on a magazine article which paid me $250 than I know I would have had to do on a lecture engagement offering $1,000, plus plane or train fare.

So as a practitioner of the habit, I fervently defend politicians and other public officials who are willing to commit themselves to paper. I know of no more effective or enduring way in which to inform the electorate. And each of us can persist in hoping that he will turn out to be the American version of Sir Winston Churchill—victorious most of the time politically and always eloquent and persuasive in print.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lists for a Well-Stocked Library

By Granville Hicks

I READ 150 or more books a year, and all but four or five of them I read for one specific purpose or another—to write a review, to advise a publisher, to prepare for a teaching course. Often enough I enjoy the books that I read, but it is not for enjoyment I read them. To read a book purely and simply because I happen to feel like reading it is a luxury I only occasionally experience. The idea of planned reading therefore leaves me cold; what I long for is a chance to do some completely random reading.

Fortunately, however, my situation is not typical. For most people reading is not a professional activity but one of the fruits of leisure, and it is for such people that Clifton Fadiman's **"The Lifetime Reading Plan"** (World, $3.75) is recommended. Mr. Fadiman's purpose is not to guide the reader in various fields of special interest but to introduce him to 100 significant books. His list, as he says in his pleasantly modest introduction, is a traditional one, and, indeed, there is a similar list, compiled by the Committee on College Reading, in **"Good Reading"** (R. R. Bowker, clothbound, $4; New American Library, paperback, 75¢). "This is not," Fadiman says, "in any absolute sense a list of the 'best books.' There are no 'best books.' " These are the books that have endured, together with a few recent books that seem to him likely to endure.

It is a good enough list, but the value of the book lies in the comments that Fadiman has written on the volumes selected. The comments are only a couple of pages long, but into this short space he has condensed much revelant information. What is more, he suggests, with almost unfailing accuracy, the quality of the book he is talking about. If a book is difficult, he says so. If the reasons why the book should be read are not immediately apparent, he tells what they are. He is never condescending in talking about the books, never gossipy in talking about their authors. He is straightforward, unpretentious, and well informed. He does not conceal his own opinions, but neither does he thrust them upon the reader. He whets the reader's appetite and at the same time gives him a just idea of what he can expect.

"The Lifetime Reading Plan" is a pleasure to read even if one has no interest in a planned program. Fadiman seems to me our most successful middleman of culture. He not only understands the general reader; he respects him. He is frankly a salesman but an honest one, completely free from bogus enthusiasm, patting nobody's head, slapping nobody's back. The book, incidentally, has a good bibliography and some useful suggestions for further reading.

Another excellent guide for planned reading is "Good Reading." First published twenty-five years ago, this book has gone through several editions, and now it has been thoroughly revised. J. Sherwood Weber is the general editor, and he has been aided by an impressive group of experts.

The volume has three parts: historical and regional cultures, literary types, humanities and sciences. Each section is divided into chapters, and for each chapter there is a short introduction by a scholar. Lists of books follow with brief comments. The idea, of course, is to give you a guide if you are interested in the culture of Greece, say, or the American novel in the twentieth century, or politics or psychology. The comments, I'm afraid, are too brief to be of much value, but the reader will be able to find his way around in the fields that attract him.

The title of Bernard Berenson's **"One Year's Reading for Fun"** (Knopf, $5) is in one way accurate enough, for in the year 1942, with which it deals, Berenson—happy man!—did not read a single book because he felt he had to. On the other hand, "fun" seems too light a word for the kind of reading he was doing and the kind of satisfaction he received. Reading was always a large part of Berenson's life, but in 1942 it came close to being life itself.

John Walker, director of the National Gallery of Art, tells the story in his introduction. Berenson, as the great contemporary authority on Italian art, had long lived in Italy, and he refused to leave after the outbreak of the war because his wife was ill and because he would not desert his secretary and companion, Nicky Mariano, an Italian. Berenson was seventy-seven, and he was in an uncomfortable situation if not in actual danger as an American citizen, a Jew, and a known anti-Fascist. He and his two companions were completely isolated. He could no longer travel from museum to museum, and friends could not visit him. But he had a great library, and he read.

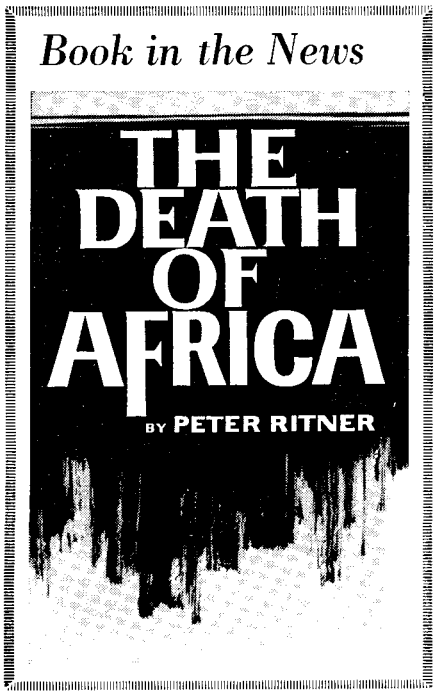
As the year opened, he was finishing Herodotus—his third reading in Greek, Walker tells us—using the Loeb Classical Library with text and translation on opposite pages. Soon he had turned to Plato in the same edition. Meanwhile, in the evenings, Mrs. Berenson was reading aloud von Ranke's "The History of the Popes," and Nick Mariano was reading Tarlé's life of Napoleon. And Berenson was ranging far and wide, reading, among so many other things, Eugene O'Neill's "Strange Interlude," Stephen Crane's "Maggie," John Ruskin's letters to Charles Eliot Norton, and Hitler's "Mein Kampf."

The variety of Berenson's reading is dazzling. History and biography were his first loves, but he read philosophy, esthetics, criticism, travel books, and a good deal of fiction. He read "Moby Dick," "Tom Jones," "Pendennis," "Our Mutual Friend," "The Marble Faun," "Clarissa." He read Elizabeth Bowen and John Steinbeck. But the quantity of books he read didn't satisfy him. "How much one would like to know more about what one cannot give time to," he laments. And again: "If only I had the leisure to read!"

Berenson not only read widely; he read well. The comments he set down in his notebook are always informal and always to the point. For instance: "I have often thought that Goethe owed much to his not being afraid of uttering commonplaces, and of being prolix and even dull." Or: "Finished Churchill's 'Marlborough,' a great work of art by a great historian." Or: "His [Plato's] dialogues and trialogues are dramatized talk that is different from Bernard Shaw's only in being less deliberately stagy and totally free from *nouveau riche* impudence and boastfulness in matters of the spirit." His quiet responsiveness to every book he picked up is what makes the volume so beautifully alive. Few of us can hope to read so much as Berenson, but we can learn from him that how one reads is quite as important as what one reads.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Book in the News



"The Death of Africa," by Peter Ritner *(Macmillan. 312 pp. $4.95), warns that, without American capital investment, the Dark Continent's ex-colonial countries will collapse. Currently professor of history at Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario, Arthur Keppel-Jones was, until June, 1959, professor of history at the University of Natal in Pietermaritzburg, South Africa.*

By Arthur Keppel-Jones

THE PRESSES put out books on Africa with increasing acceleration; the interest which the world takes in that continent gets both deeper and more widespread by the year. Yet the awakening of interest is hardly commensurate with the pressure of the problem that Africa presents to the rest of mankind, more especially to its well-fed sections.

Peter Ritner's "The Death of Africa" presents the problem succinctly, outlines a plan for the mobilization and use of the indispensable American help, and gives a spine-chilling picture of the developments that are a virtual certainty unless that help is forthcoming. The book breathes a spirit of desperate urgency, which is right: the urgency is desperate.

The African scene entrances or bewitches those who get to know it. But there is a malevolent witchcraft lurking in most of the problems of Africa, whether they be problems of human relations or of the struggle with Nature. European and American categories of thought become distorted in the African climate, so that the old yardstick no longer gives valid measurements. Some of the commonest weaknesses of reporting on Africa—and of the policies of the colonial administrations—arise from these distortions and from failure to allow for them. Mr. Ritner's great merit is to have understood, and revealed, some of them at least.

The democratic political systems, the industrial development, the chrome and concrete and boulevards that contrast so romantically with the background of witch doctors and big game, are dangerously deceptive. They lack both the economic and the cultural foundations which they imply to the Western mind. In this context democracy, freedom, capitalism, Communism, nationalism, independence, and other such concepts lose the meanings we are accustomed to attach to them. African problems must be conceived and understood in different, more elemental terms.

It is easy, but necessary, to castigate the South African regime; easy too, but almost irrelevant, to deplore some of the old imperialisms and rejoice at their passing. "The Death of Africa" is refreshingly one jump ahead of all this. Its subject is not the fall of regimes but something much more fundamental: the threatened collapse of all ex-colonial Africa into starvation, chaos, and "Chinification." The logic of the process is made clear. European governments, extractive industries, urbanization, the explosive growth of population, the land denuded both of its farmers and of its topsoil—these have turned whole populations into proletarians in the stark Marxist sense, and at the same time created needs and aroused aspirations which a desperately poor land is quite unable to satisfy. A relapse into primitive conditions is not possible, since the population is so much bigger and the land so much poorer than before the white man came.

What is needed is capital investment, just at a time when the ordinary inducements to it are least apparent. America has the capital, and Mr. Ritner shows how it can be applied. Practical proposals are much harder to get accepted than destructive criticism, and at this point he courageously exposes himself to the fire of political calculators. It would be a major misfortune if dispute over details distracted the American public from the cogency of the general argument.

The fierce denunciation of the South African regime has a practical purpose. More than half of the American investments in Africa, outside Liberia, at the end of 1956 were in the Union. Nearly half of American loans to Africa in 1945-55 went to the same country. The plea is for a change in the direction of the flow, as well as for a vast increase in its volume.

It is important that this argument should carry weight in the quarters that matter. But here Mr. Ritner has taken on a cunning antagonist who will search for, and take advantage of, the slightest chink in his armor. Unhappily, there are a few. The authentic record of the South African regime is evil enough; it is dangerous to exaggerate it, thus giving a legitimate opening to the defense. For instance: "If the government concludes that these and other legal measures against the African eminent are not sufficiently benumbing, they turn the job over to thugs, who swoop down on public meetings and set upon the unlucky leader—old man though he may be—beating and kicking him while he lies unconscious under the speaker's table. Each of these experiences has at one time or other fallen to the lot of Chief Albert Luthuli." The specific reference is to an occurrence on August 22, 1958; but the thugs were self-appointed, their conduct was condemned by all the Nationalist papers, and their two leaders were fined and imprisoned.

The harshness of white supremacy is in fact mitigated, in the Union and in the Rhodesias, by human sympathies which have not entirely atrophied even in that environment. Mr. Ritner gives the impression that there is no such mitigation, and those who seek to discredit his case will take him up on this, and on trivial errors of fact.

Perhaps the author is right in advocating an invasion of Southwest Africa by a United Nations force. But he is wrong to suppose that this can be distinguished from an invasion of the Union itself—"impractical if for no other reason that it would involve the killing of so many innocent Africans." Nor can this reviewer agree that "perhaps a general boycott and sanctions will complete the divorce between the Afrikaner and the English-speaker—in the immediate future, at any rate. The best strategy here is that of the indirect approach—the pumping of capital into Black Africa, which is Mr. Ritner's central theme.

Time plays havoc with books on Africa. This one was being revised as late as November, 1959; yet by April, 1960, it has been overtaken by events.

But these facts do not in the least affect the argument, which transcends them. And minor errors can be overlooked in a book which brings a refreshing realism and sanity to bear on a cliché-ridden problem.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For Vicarious Adventurers, a Suspenseful Springtime

By WILLIAM WISE, *author of the biography "Citizen of the World: Albert Einstein," has been reading and enjoying thrillers for many years.*

THIS spring's new suspense novels are ingenious, varied, and entertaining. Set in the four corners of the world, they deal in espionage and intrigue, diplomacy and political skulduggery, hair-raising escapades and feats of physical endurance. They promise the vicarious adventurer a number of pleasant hours of diversion, and they keep that promise almost without fail.

It should come as no surprise that Eric Ambler's first book in four years, **"Passage of Arms"** (Knopf, $3.95), is a thorough delight. Once again Mr. Ambler is up to his favorite trick—placing innocent people in mortal danger. His setting this time is the Far East: Malaya, Hong Kong, Manila, Indonesia, where a naïve and good-hearted American engineer and his wife, Greg and Dorothy Nilsen, of Wilmington, Delaware, are confronted with venal Chinese businessmen, enterprising local politicians, and unsavory soldiers-of-fortune. Holiday-bound on a world cruise, the Nilsens are fated to stumble into the first pitfall that occurs in their path, and it is a pleasure to watch the author scrupulously preparing that pitfall for them. Mr. Ambler has not been in such top form since the days of "A Coffin for Dimitrious" and "Journey Into Fear," nearly two decades ago, and when he is at his best there is no one else writing suspense fiction who can quite match him.

Elleston Trevor is an Englishman whose latest book, **"The V.I.P."** (Morrow, $3.75), combines suspense, international politics, and romance in about equal proportion. The action takes place in London, beginning on a rainy night at a half-deserted airport, where Louise Cameron recognizes a V.I.P. who has just arrived in great secrecy and who is about to be spirited away in what appears to be a British Foreign Office limousine. Louise works for Unic, an organization similar to Radio Free Europe; she is an expert on the affairs of a composite Balkan country called "Slavakia"; as a high school student she once visited there, and even met handsome young King Nicolas at his palace in Drovnik, a short time before he was forced into exile by the Communists. From the London airport, Louise orders her taxi to follow the limousine carrying the V.I.P., and drives straight into a political intrigue that threatens to end the uneasy peace in Europe and set off an atomic war of worldwide proportions.

"The V.I.P.," after a rapidly paced start that is filled with hints of danger and mystery, becomes a trifle static in its final pages. Fortunately, however, Mr. Trevor creates a number of interesting "native" characters who hold our attention as we watch the vicious struggle for power going on within the walls of the Slavakian Embassy.

AMERICAN General Richard Le Grande, chief of the highly secret intelligence agency, GENOPS, has his hands full in Irwin R. Blacker's first suspense novel, **"The Kilroy Gambit"** (World, $3.50). One day in Washington the general's most trusted assistant gets drunk and talks too freely; soon news of his indiscretions reaches a U.S. Senator, who decides to make headlines by investigating and discrediting GENOPS. General Le Grande's position is further compromised by a vexing problem: have the Russians tumbled to operation Kilroy, his plan for establishing secret arms caches in countries that may one day fall behind the Iron Curtain? An on-the-spot investigation is needed, and Janet Garner, the general's co-worker, is handed the assignment, along with a round-trip ticket to Kabul and two rubber-covered cyanide pills, to be swallowed in case of capture. Mr. Blacker's Afghanistan sequence is genuinely exciting, and his Washington political scenes are lively and authentic. Someone should caution the author, though, on two points. The first is to tend his dialogue with more care; it occasionally grows awkward. The second is to avoid young heroines who lean back against doors to catch their breath. Onstage, badly directed actresses may do this, but it's a tableau that is rarely seen anywhere else.

One night during the International Geophysical Year a commercial airliner, incredibly far off course, makes a forced landing on the vast and empty Greenland icecap. Dr. Peter Mason and other members of a small IGY team set out to rescue the surviving passengers and to give them shelter. Before long, though, Dr. Mason, the hero of Alistair MacLean's **"Night Without End"** (Doubleday, $3.95), discovers that he has to deal not merely with a mysterious air crash, but with a case of sabotage, espionage, and murder. With totally inadequate supplies of food on hand, the doctor and his half-Eskimo assistant, Jackstraw, are finally forced to lead their ill-assorted party of passengers across the icecap to the coast, a journey of several hundred miles through one of the most desolate and inhospitable countries in the world. In transit, the temperature falls to more than a hundred degrees below freezing; there are storms to be fought through, treacherous ice formations to be crossed, and two murderers to be stripped of their masks and brought to justice. Mr. MacLean has done a fine job of depicting a remote and hazardous country; few readers of "Night Without End" will quickly forget Dr. Mason's journey—surely one of the coldest in recent fiction.

LABELS are sometimes misleading, and that is the case with Donald Downes's latest book, **"The Easter Dinner"** (Rinehart, $3.50). Ostensibly, Mr. Downes has written a suspense novel about an Allied espionage ring which operated in Rome, behind the German lines, during the spring of 1944. What he has actually done is to write a novel about the people of Rome, the rich and the poor, and how some of them lived during the last few weeks before the liberation; further, he has created at least one memorable character, Ciccio, the bricklayer-secret agent, whose family life is alternately touching and hilarious, and whose daughter's wedding dinner inadvertently creates more confusion in the Gestapo and the U.S. Army Signal Corps than a dozen master spies could have caused, working to achieve that end deliberately. Mr. Downes's novel is exciting, humorous, and tragic; it deserves to be widely read and generously applauded.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

No Faculty for Finding Love

"Eating People Is Wrong," by Malcolm Bradbury *(Knopf. 275 pp. $4), introduces a new English talent to American readers. Literary critic, scientist, and novelist C. P. Snow has added another volume to his "Strangers and Brothers" series. Titled "The Affair," it will be published in this country next month.*

By C. P. Snow

I AM very interested in how this book goes down in the United States. For several reasons. I am sure the author is one of the most intelligent and gifted of up-and-coming English novelists. I am also sure that the difficulties of writers getting read across the Atlantic—in either direction—are becoming, not less, but greater. I often blush for my country when I think of the names of fine U.S. writers to whom we have not given any kind of hearing; and when I read Mr. Bradbury's U.S. contemporaries, for example Herbert Gold or Curtis Harnack or half a dozen others, I only hope we shan't be obstinately deaf again. "Too *British*," American publishers used to say, with a sad shake of the head. I have never actually heard an English publisher say, "Too *American*," but sometimes that is exactly what they think. If these attitudes develop, and the lack of understanding from which they spring, both our literatures are going to suffer.

I say all this because Mr. Bradbury's novel, which is extremely funny, packed with intelligence and moral feeling, and *au fond* original, does present some difficulties of setting for American readers. It is basically a story of people trying to find meaning in their lives, and in particular trying to find meaning through the right love relation. That, of course, is the same in Sioux Falls as in Mr. Bradbury's English town. But Mr. Bradbury, like several other English writers of his generation, has chosen to place his people in an English provincial university; and this may muffle some of his effects, unless U.S. readers have now got to terms with "Lucky Jim." Oxford and Cambridge are international symbols, but the English provincial universities, particularly in their effect on their

Malcolm Bradbury—a tender talent.

brightest alumni, such as Mr. Bradbury, are not easy for Americans to apprehend. You have universities all conceivable shapes and sizes, but you have not anything deeply interwoven with the intricacies of the English class structure, which is in many ways a tedious subject for you and, God knows, often even more tedious for us. The essential feature of Mr. Bradbury's background is that a high proportion of all the faculty are disappointed to be teaching where they are, instead of at Cambridge. They feel lost and without either status or purpose. The general atmosphere is sadder and more envious than it would be at one of the less rich state universities, which is the nearest U.S. equivalent.

The people, though, would be just as viable in an American faculty. They are Mr. Bradbury's great triumph. He knows them, cares about them, does not sentimentalize them, and gives each, even the absurd, his measure of respect. That is why it is important that he gets read. Professor Treece is forty, a faded young man such as we have all known, still preserving in a faded but honorable fashion the relics of his liberal youth. He is a very good chap, without enough energy to cut a way through life; he likes girls, but his vitality is not overmastering and he gets lost in labyrinths of personal relations. So does his young woman, a lecturer (U.S. instructor) in his own department. She is a bit simpler, a bit healthier, but not much. She has the unfortunate gift of attracting love from the most egregious sources—notably from Louis Bates, a student who is both hopelessly clownish and *farouche*, and who at the same time has a touch of the real ability (and sometimes one thinks the direct feeling also) which Treece and Emma so totally lack.

The whole of this central theme is treated with both originality and depth, and Mr. Bradbury is a natural novelist. It is fair to say that, though much of the comic decoration is extremely effective, it does not come from the same level of originality. Mr. Bradbury, who is himself an academic, has, like Amis and Wain and a good many other youngish English writers of the Fifties studied Eng. Lit. and adopted certain modish forms of farce. There is in fact a hilarious chapter in his novel where a young academic novelist-poet, as much a drip as any of the young academic novelist-poets' own characters, arrives to give a lecture. That is fun, but some of this knockabout *faux féroce* writing is getting altogether too derivative—one of the occupational dangers of this whole school of writing in England either in prose or verse. Too many scenes have filtered through Waugh, Wodehouse, William Cooper (not known in the U.S., but whose "Scenes from Provincial Life" has left traces on a number of the young academics' novels), come out in Lucky Jim, and are continuing to come out, even in a book which, at a deeper level, is as much on its own as Mr. Bradbury's. Still, that doesn't matter much. His is a really interesting talent, odd, perceptive, melancholy, and tender. I should be ready to take a fair-sized bet on his future.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 877

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 877 will be found in the next issue.

OF WHO MY AFOCAL
BTMAC CHKMOE
YRHETCKKM— MK
SCDGMSCY YF WGNT
HKKCOKMFO.
—NTSMYKFRTCS WFSACL.

———

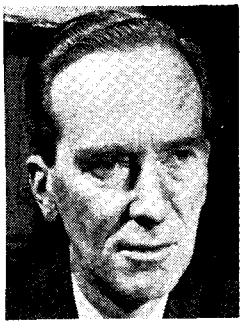
Answer to Literary Crypt No. 876

The greatest destroyer of democracy in the world is war itself.
—HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An Easter Parade of the Season's New Novels

Last Days of Poppaea



Pierson Dixon

THERE ARE good and sufficient reasons for believing it is almost beyond human power to write a first-rate novel about a major poet, for the world of the great poets is symphonic, and the novelist, even when pulling out all the stops on the organ, is no match for the massed orchestra. So far as I know, only Ernest Bloch, in his magnificent and too little read "Death of Vergil," accomplished the feat of portraying a recognizable prince of poetry.

With exemplary courage Sir Pierson Dixon has ventured where fools have not dared to tread. In **"Farewell, Catullus"** (British Book Centre, $2.75) he has presented a convincing and lively picture of the Roman Republic in the days when Caesar was quietly sapping at its foundations; and if his Caesar looks a little like Sir Anthony Eden, that is no fault of the author. Flaubert, for example, found excellent contemporary models in France for his Carthaginian chieftains. Ancient Rome comes to life, and is seen to be exceedingly modern. Clodius, quite reasonably, resembles Joe McCarthy, and Clodia, his voluptuous and merciless sister, has her prototypes on the society pages. By all accounts she was venomous and vicious, and so she is depicted.

We follow Catullus to Asia Minor, and with him we attend the celebration of the festival of the Magna Mater at Pessinus, where he surprisingly faints with horror at the sight of so much bloodshed. As a foil to Catullus, there is the charming and convincing figure of Poppaea, who is perhaps the book's most completely realized character. She is the eternally adoring mistress, quite prepared to scratch out the eyes of anyone who happens to get in her way.

Sir Pierson is a scholar, and his background is painted in with a sure hand, though a statue of the Sun God at Rhodes is seen to be standing many years after it had fallen to the ground. He is especially good at suggesting what really happened on the celebrated occasion when the ineffable Clodius disguised himself as a woman and profaned the mysteries. His Roman intriguers have the appropriate smell of corruption.

Unfortunately, there is no Catullus. Instead there is an ungainly frightened mouse, who hops into Clodia's bed whenever she summons him, and writes occasional political lampoons. There is no fire in him, and he never wrestles with the angel. He is cautious, solemn, a little senile, the permanent victim in an age of permanent betrayal. The ferocious Keatsian joy in living and love-making is absent. It seems a pity. Sir Pierson should take off his braces, and try again.

—ROBERT PAYNE.

Life on the Land

Curtis Harnack

WHAT HAS happened to the Midwestern tradition of letters, once so strong and viable, with writers like Willa Cather, Hamlin Garland, and Ole Rolvaag capturing the land and the people in passionate, compassionate stories that lift the reader into a new experience? So many of the present-day Midwestern writers create instead careful, passionless tapestries in a prose, like the Midwestern landscape itself, slightly rolling but essentially dull and monotonous. Where has gone the fire, the feeling, the commitment?

These reflections are inevitably prompted by the extravagant advance quotes displayed on the attractive cover of Curtis Harnack's first novel, **"The Work of an Ancient Hand"** (Harcourt, Brace, $4.50). Mistakenly called "contemporary" in the jacket blurb, Mr. Harnack's novel presents a broad canvas of an Iowa town and countryside from the late Twenties to the middle Forties. The story begins with Reverend Vernon Kallsen and his wife Letitia arriving in Kaleburg to take up a new ministry, bearing as part of their luggage their burden of guilt for the half-accidental suicide of their adopted son. It ends with Reverend Kallsen's own bungled suicide attempt in the belfry of his church.

In between, his years-long guilt serves as the tangled thread stringing together a loosely stitched assortment of episodic stories about the people of Kaleburg. The best are those dealing with the grape-cure experiment on Lola Paff's cancer, and with the annual fertility rite of detasseling the hybrid seed corn. These episodes stir the interest and commitment of the reader, revealing the humor and tragedy of life. But in other chapters the author is not so successful. Mr. Harnack deals with the basic elements of the human condition —birth, death, love, and the land—but he does not make us feel the truth of life.

Mr. Harnack's publishers have presented him with a beautifully designed book—but they have done him a distinct disservice by inviting comparison of his apprentice novel with those of the great writers of his tradition.

—BORDEN DEAL.

Sweet Smell of Excess

Lissa Charell

IT'S BEEN a tough year for television. Quiz contestants have been blowing the whistle on each other; Congress has been investigating the broadcasters' favorite indoor sport, payola; there have been mass resignations along Madison Avenue, and Jack Paar whipped up a mighty tempest in a pot and, singlehanded, took on the nation's newspaper columnists one by one.

But perhaps the worst drubbing the industry has taken lately comes at the hands of an angelic-looking first novelist named Lissa Charell, currently employed as a writer on Dave Garroway's "Today Show." Her novel, **"The Happy Medium"** (Coward-McCann, $3.95),

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is a gaudy chronicle of sex, moral decay, sex, the old double cross raised to the level of an art form, sex, high-echelon politics in the electronic jungle, and sex.

Miss Charell's heroine, Melissa Dare, is a bright career girl in the public relations department of a large network. She is emotionally involved with her married boss, professionally involved with a lecherous Congressman who has appointed himself a one-man vigilante committee to clean up TV, and with the psychotic star of a late night conversational catch-all show, "The Bobby Starr Revue." Before Miss Dare saves Madison Avenue from a fate worse than Pay TV, we are treated to clinical explorations of the love lives (normal and abnormal) of the executives, stars, and staff of a program called "Sunny Good Morning."

The author views her industry with a hardboiled, cynical eye and provides the reader with some vicarious fun trying to pin the real names on her cast of characters. In the process she serves notice that she is a writer of power and talent who knows more four-letter words than you'd believe possible after looking at the beautiful portrait of her that decorates the back jacket of her book.

—Al Morgan.

Fanny, Farou, and Friend

Colette

In Colette's **"The Other One"** (translated by Elizabeth Tait and Roger Senhouse; Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, $3.50), the mistress says, "you feel so terribly lonely with Farou." "Lonely with Farou," echoes the wife. Twelve years of marriage to a charming, egotistical, and gifted playwright have left Fanny gentle, good, a little lazy and plump, but still beautiful, still loving Farou, her world. His many brief affairs hurt her so little (at least after the first one) that she scarcely notices them. She knows that Farou needs her.

Yet one new affair threatens the equilibrium of her world. This time the other woman is Jane, the secretary of Farou, Jane who lives with the family, who has brought order, efficiency, thoughtfulness to the household. Jane has filled the lonely days when Farou has been absorbed in his plays and rehearsals. Jane is Fanny's friend, the only person of whom she could have asked advice, had the younger woman herself not succumbed to the spell of Farou.

Fanny reflects sadly, "As for him, he is bound to find another of the kind he prefers, a passing favorite. He will once again recover his innocence; his loneliness and his profession. But what about me? Where am I to find someone once again to keep me company?" She weighs all that her friend has brought her against what she has taken away from her.

The final decision is neither sentimental nor tragic nor heroic. There are solutions to a triangle other than an empty life or stern justice, at least in the eyes of Colette, the wise Frenchwoman. And so the situation that evolved in the warm air of a vacation in southern France is solved in the hectic, artificial atmosphere of the opening of Farou's new play in Paris. Now, Fanny, conscious of her seniority, solves it to her advantage.

A minor work, this story, written by Colette in her fifties, contains less of the lush sensuousness and gaiety of the early Colette and more of her mature wisdom.

She understands those who love and does not blame them.

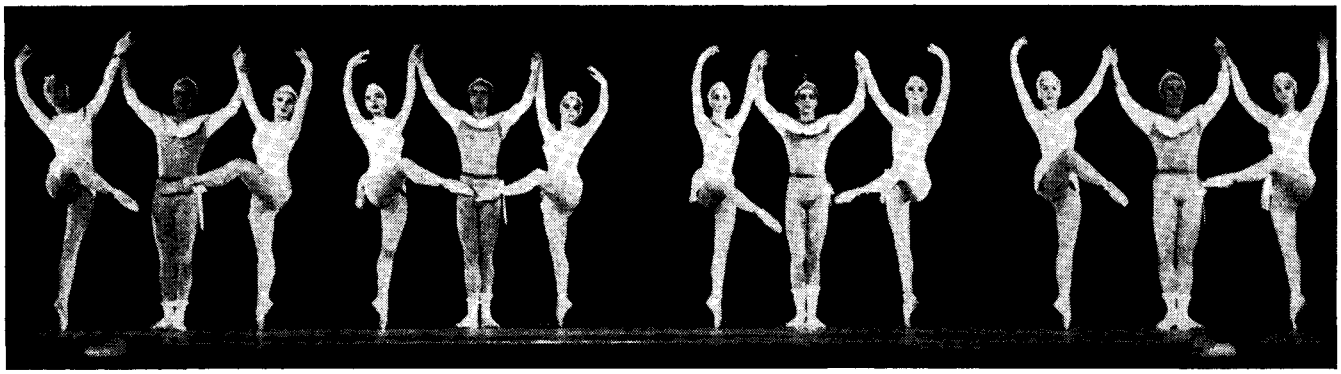
—Blanche A. Price.

In the annual edition of "Ballet" (Macmillan, $9), Serge Lido conducts a tour-in-photographs of the dance world.

Margot Fonteyn as "Ondine"

Tamara Toumanova in "Gamayoun"

Jose Greco with Miguelito in "Rincon Flamenco"



In "Agon" the corps de ballet at the Vienna Opera House dance to Stravinsky's tune.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Long-Playing Nazi

Robert Shaw

IT IS 1952, seven years after the close of World War II. In the cellar of a home in Bonn, two British airmen are held prisoner by a shabby, die-hard Nazi. Eight years earlier the fliers had floated to earth from their crippled plane to face the murderous wrath of the townspeople. Hans Frick was their savior and warder, at once loving and despotic. He hid them in his cellar, played maniac *Gauleiter* to his two prisoners, and kept them in total ignorance of the end of the war and of the march of events. In Party uniform, with a pistol on his hip, Frick felt superbly alive, redeemed from the bleak anonymity of his life as a pharmacy clerk.

The two Englishmen, Wilson and Connolly, display characteristic pluck. Wilson uses his confinement to realize his long-cherished ambition to write. Connolly broods lovingly and darkly about the wife he is sure is waiting for him. And they hope for the war's end.

That is the improbable but gripping situation of **"The Hiding Place"** (World, $3.50), a first novel by Robert Shaw. How long can this mad drama endure? Frick suffers a heart attack, and the game is over. He turns his prisoners loose. What happens, as the two men grope their way back to an alien world, is shockingly unexpected. Nevertheless, the resolution of the novel has deep dramatic and psychological validity. Readers will gasp at the turn of paradox at the story's end.

This is a genuine suspense thriller —all the more exciting because it is told with restraint and verisimilitude. Woven into the plot are vivid vignettes of life in the new Germany: a meeting of comfortable ex-Nazis who decide to come to terms with hard reality, a concentration camp alumnus who preaches to Germans on hilltops, the dreary rhythms of day-to-day life in a pharmacy.

"The Hiding Place" is a compelling novel, charged with an irresistible momentum. It is also a wise and compassionate look at human beings under stress.

—DAVID BOROFF.

Your Literary I. Q.

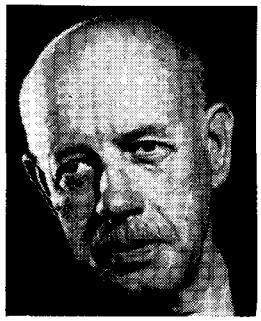
Conducted by John T. Winterich

POSSIBLE OR IM—?

Here is a study in anachronism and synchronism. Elizabeth Mills of Springfield, Missouri, submits ten "could-have" questions in the answers to which the time factor is all important. Answers on page 52.

1. Could Mark Twain have telephoned Hamlin Garland to ask permission to include readings from "Main Traveled Roads" in a lecture?
2. Could President James Buchanan have read "Tom Sawyer" aloud to his grandson?
3. Could Poe have telegraphed congratulations to Hawthorne on the publication of "The Scarlet Letter?"
4. Could "Penrod" and "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" have been favorites of the young Tafts in the White House?
5. Could Henry James have recited "The Ole Swimmin' Hole" to Walt Whitman, William Dean Howells, and Amy Lowell?
6. Could John Galsworthy have sent a detailed opinion of "Gone with the Wind" to the Prince of Wales?
7. Could Ralph Waldo Emerson have read in a Boston newspaper the first news of the Louisiana Purchase?
8. Could Abraham Lincoln, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Edgar Allan Poe, and Kit Carson have been in the same grade at school?
9. Could Harriet Beecher Stowe have been sent by Melville to carry a copy of the newly-published "Moby Dick" to the Governor of West Virginia?
10. Could Oscar Wilde have purchased copies of "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," "The Gentleman from Indiana," "Maggie: A Girl of the Streets," and "Little Women"?

Rebel on the Range



Hal Borland

IN THE cattle country they used to have a conviction (or perhaps only a superstition) that every seventh winter would be a dilly. Kentucky-born, Texas-raised Jeff Ross goes to Colorado after being invalided out of the Confederate Army; he now owns and occupies a nice home in Denver; his ranch, sheltering 10,000 head of cattle, is thirty miles east. The year is 1871, and since the last tough spell of weather had been in 1864, the elements are now due to kick up again. That is exactly what they do, of course; otherwise Hal Borland would have had no story to tell, and **"The Seventh Winter"** (Lippincott, $3.95) would never have been written.

It is a good story, a cross between an orthodox Western of the higher order and an orthodox novel. There are no barroom brawls and no bad men. The cowhands are people, not characters. Jeff Ross himself is an authentic creation, though a mite too given to introspection, and his family is of a piece. The story is told largely in adroitly handled flashbacks, one or two of which summarize Jeff's wartime experiences.

But it is the cattle themselves who dominate the story, and here you soon acquire complete assurance that Hal Borland knows exactly what he is talking about. When he says that hailstones have killed half-grown antelopes, you accept that as fact. Furthermore, he mentions a subject tabooed by many novelists, including some of the most outspoken: money. He tells you what a Texas steer cost ($10-$12) and how much it weighed (600-700 pounds), what it sold for and how much it weighed then ($30-$40, 1,000 pounds, a few perhaps as high as $45, 1,100-1,200 pounds). You just know that Borland's telling the truth.

—JOHN T. WINTERICH.

Highbrows and Know-How

Ann Aikman's **"The Others"** (Simon & Schuster, $3.50) is such an unassuming novel on the surface that one, at first, is in danger of dismissing it as pleasant but not very important. One finishes it, I should add, with the realization that it is quite a brilliant

(*Continued on page* 53)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

USSR

Blueprints Drawn in Red Square

"To Moscow—And Beyond," by Harrison E. Salisbury *(Harper. 301 pp. $4.95), and* ***"Khrushchev's Russia," by Edward Crankshaw*** *(Penguin; distr. by Atheneum. 171 pp. Paperback, 85¢), reach different conclusions about the Soviet Union, whose changing scene both authors have recently scrutinized. John Scott wrote "Democracy Is Not Enough."*

By John Scott

HARRISON SALISBURY and Edward Crankshaw are both competent and experienced journalists. Both got their first, indelible impressions of the Soviet Union during World War II. Both have visited that country repeatedly since and have witnessed the vast and important changes of the last decade. Both books are useful for the student of contemporary Soviet society or for the thoughful American citizen anxious to follow or participate in the formulation and execution of U.S. policy in the 1960s. But, in the opinion of this reviewer, both books underemphasize or even overlook the fact that Nikita Khrushchev and his colleagues are Communists.

Salisbury's "Reporter's Narrative," as his book is subtitled, takes his readers for long walks through Moscow's shops and residential districts, to Siberia, and, perhaps most interesting, to Outer Mongolia. His flashbacks to wartime days give accurate pictures of the material improvement that Soviet citizens have enjoyed during the past decade. If his examples and images sometimes sound contrived, they do illustrate significant political developments like the increased materialism and political cynicism of Soviet youth, the petty bourgeois materialism of Moscow bureaucrats' wives. Using impressions received during his coverage of the American trips of Anastas Mikoyan and Nikita Khrushchev, Salisbury exposes the booby traps sown by second-string Soviet functionaries along the route of senior visitors of both sides and along the approaches to any real "peaceful co-existence."

In his concluding chapter, however, Mr. Salisbury overshoots his own reporting and flies into some ex-cathedra judgments seasoned with pinches of immodesty, which threaten to mislead all but his most perceptive and informed readers. Surveying Russia with "the surgeon's piercing and impartial eyes . . . freed from the prejudices of the past and the wishful thinking about the future," Salisbury asserts in rapid sequence that Nikita wants a détente "as real as that of 1907" (when Czarist Russia and Britain, apprehensive of growing German power, divided the Middle East into spheres of influence); that German revanche is "the real core of Russian security forebodings"; that the U.S. should recognize East Germany, Outer Mongolia, and China and help the satellite peoples by "negotiating a settlement with Russia" while we still can.

Mr. Salisbury makes no distinction between the Soviet government, with whom any "settlement" would have to be made, and the Soviet people; he apparently considers that Nikita and his colleagues represent the will of their peoples and have abandoned Marxist-Leninist positions on such important factors as the state and revolution, the dictatorship of the proletariat, the preponderant role of the class struggle as the motive force of history, and the stubborn confidence that Communism is certain to emerge victorious throughout the world and deserves such help as the Soviet countries find compatible with their own security and cost accounting.

Having been in the Soviet Union at the same time as Mr. Salisbury during the summer of 1959, having talked with many of the same people and, perhaps more pertinent, having scanned textbooks currently in use in Soviet schools and official statements of Soviet policy, I see no evidence that current Soviet leadership has in any way repudiated Marxism-Leninism nor even supplemented it except possibly to formulate a major and still-unpublished thesis that revolutions can come about in capitalist countries not only from those indigenous forces so well analyzed by Lenin and by military invasion as Stalin demonstrated throughout Eastern Europe but also through the "ruble diplomacy" of Soviet trade, aid, and infiltration, which the Premier is using so cleverly today from Cuba to Bali.

Mr. Crankshaw's approach to Soviet problems is more academic than Mr. Salisbury's, his style equally graceful, and his conclusions, in my opinion, sounder. After numbers of highly readable visual impressions of the Soviet Union at various periods during the past decade and a half, the author emerges with a somewhat contradictory appraisal of Khrushchev. Still not popular or respected (he clowns, talks, and until recently drank too much), Khrushchev nevertheless "reached his position by consent" and is interested principally in building a prosperous Russia. If this were true, why Nikita's haste to take West Berlin, his malicious kibitzing in Cuba, his open support of conspiratorial Communist parties in Indonesia, Syria, and other countries? Thermonuclear weapons have given Russia a deterrent-insured security infinitely greater than that country has ever before enjoyed. If a Communist Eastern Europe was once necessary to Soviet military security, it is no longer, and Khrushchev is free to devote his considerable talents and his country's immense resources to improving the living standards of his people, *except* that Nikita is a believ-

(*Continued on page* 52)

—*The New York Times.*

(Above) Harrison Salisbury and (below) Edward Crankshaw—old Soviet hands.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saturday Review

Editor: NORMAN COUSINS
Publisher: J. R. COMINSKY
Associate Editors: HARRISON SMITH, IRVING KOLODIN

Associate Publisher W. D. PATTERSON
Science Editor JOHN LEAR
Poetry Editor JOHN CIARDI
Production Manager PEARL M. STEINHAUS
Book Review Editor ROCHELLE GIRSON
Ass't. Book Review Editor ROLLENE W. SAAL
General Editor HALLOWELL BOWSER
Feature Editor JAMES F. FIXX

Editors-at-Large
CLEVELAND AMORY
HARRISON BROWN
JOHN MASON BROWN
JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH
FRANK G. JENNINGS
WALTER MILLIS
ELMO ROPER
JOHN STEINBECK

Contributing Editors
HOLLIS ALPERT
HENRY HEWES
GRANVILLE HICKS
ARTHUR KNIGHT
KATHARINE KUH
GILBERT SELDES
ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON
HORACE SUTTON
JOHN T. WINTERICH

Reflections in a Library

EDITOR'S NOTE: *SR's guest editorial for this issue, which coincides with National Library Week, is written by Howard Mumford Jones, professor of English at Harvard University and the author of numerous studies of American culture.*

ALTHOUGH the public library is not an American invention, we like to think it is, so that we take it for granted as we do the post office or the income tax. Unlike income taxes, public libraries are not uniformly distributed, since they are far commoner in Massachusetts than they are in Mississippi; and unlike the post office, public libraries are neither wholly nor uniformly supported by public funds. The public library, though designed to serve the public impartially, sometimes meets with religious and racial difficulties; and though it is commonly at the public charge as the support of opera, the theatre, or art museums commonly is not, there is no agreement as to the continuing pattern of this support. In some communities the library is assured of a fixed percentage of municipal revenue; in others it may be at the mercy of demagogues. And of course not all public libraries are city libraries. Finally, it is to be noted that the service of the library to the public is a limited service. A survey made some years ago seemed to show that only 10 per cent of the public used the libraries and that the most significant fraction of this 10 per cent was composed of high school pupils sent there on assignments.

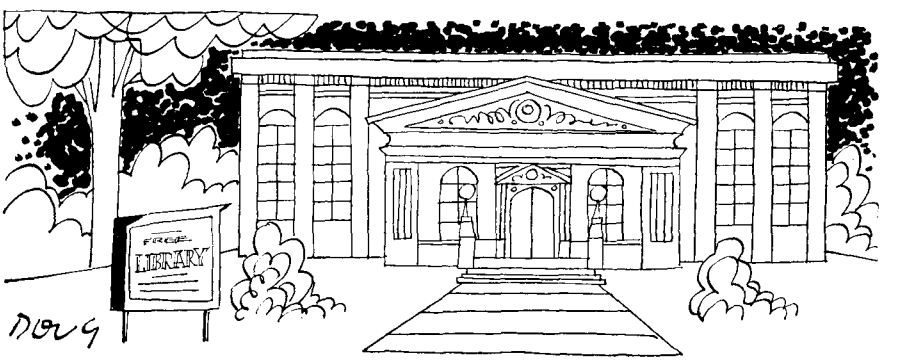
The public library may be as vast as the Cleveland Public Library, which is not only a popular library but virtually a research institution as well, or it may be one of those neat nineteenth-century toy banks found in villages as memorials of donors who moved away and made good. The library may assume that patrons will come to it; or it may, like the Santa Clara County Library Bookmobile, make weekly visits—in this case to Stanford University—and pick up trade—two weeks free, "overdues" at five cents a week. Or it may, like the Library of Congress, serve the government, the contiguous population, visiting scholars, and, through interlibrary loans, the nation at large. It may, like some public libraries in some Midwestern cities, live solemnly amid golden oak, stained glass, and the atmosphere of a genteel mortuary; or it may, like the new Cincinnati Public Library, be as gay and informal as a department store.

The American genius for uniformity and mechanics shapes the functional patterns of the library. One expects and usually finds in any public library from Portland, Oregon, to Portland, Maine, the same card catalog, the same or similar systems of classifying and cataloguing books, the same system of fines, the same or similar systems of charging books out, the same rack of recent acquisitions, within the budget of the library the same periodicals and reference works, and, be it said without disrespect, the same librarians. The identity of the human element is in part the product of a common system of professional training, in part the product of limited budgets, and in part the product of the genteel tradition. There are a few key posts in the library world as there are a few key posts in the museum world, but nobody ever turned to library work as a way to fortune. To single ladies librarianship offers status, some security, and a sense of civic virtue. This is not to say that all librarians are maiden ladies, but enough of them are to rank librarians with school teachers, YWCA secretaries, and social workers as persons less likely to go to nightclubs than are receptionists or department-store buyers.

Inevitably the public library is the greatest force for censorship in the country after the postmaster and the police sergeant. The American Library Association adopted in the late afternoon of the McCarthy era an admirable bill of rights which asserted the duty of the public library to keep on its shelves books representing all points of view. Some public libraries and some librarians fought gallant battles in behalf of the proposition that in an enlightened republic citizens are entitled to read what they want to read, and occasionally the librarians won. But the issue of censorship and the public library is subtler than this either-or situation, and there are those who say that the issue is not censorship but book selection.

A librarian's purchasing power is limited by his budget, the advice he gets from his staff and from professional journals, the policies or prejudices of his governing board, the taste of his clientele, his notion of the needs of the community, the educational policy of the

(*Continued on page* 52)



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

REPORT ON THE LAPINS

READERS OF *SR* will be interested to know about an article by Heinz Wewer, a former German exchange scholar, which appeared in a recent issue of *Frankfurter Hefte*, a distinguished German monthly review.

It gives a full report on the case of the Ravensbrueck Lapins, telling about their visit to America for medical treatment and the role played by *SR* and its readers in securing medical help for them and calling public attention to their unsettled claim against the German government. The report ends with a "What now?" Mr. Wewer challenges the sincerity of the German officials, who seem to find all sorts of excuses for delaying an act of justice, and charges them with a tendency to avoid their moral—and financial—obligations toward victims of medical cruelties in German concentration camps. It is a voice of courage and humanity that brings credit to those who helped raise it.

The editors of *Frankfurter Hefte* state in a separate announcement that there are a number of Germans who do not want to wait until official compensation is obtained, but want to give their representatives in the government an example of what they consider decent behavior. An account for immediate contributions has been opened for them. But the question remains: will this lead to the settlement of this still painful case by the German government?

ALEXANDER JANTA.

Elmhurst, N. Y.

MAN IN MOTION

HORACE SUTTON'S articles are always read with interest and enjoyment, but the recent one on Rome and the Olympics [*SR*, Mar. 12] tops them all. Long may he travel!

EVELYN MIDDLETON.

Hudson, Mass.

CHINESE PUZZLE

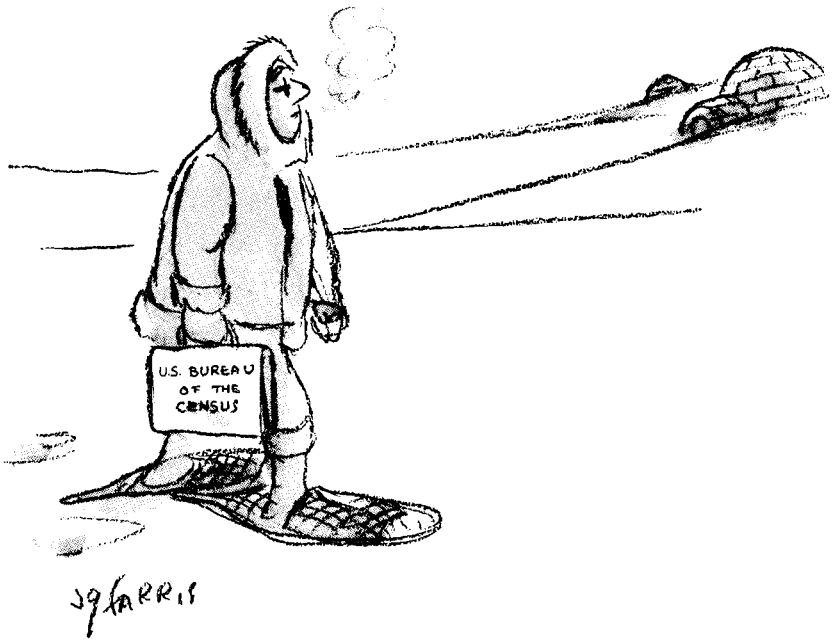
MORTON H. FRIED'S article "Breaching the Chinese Wall" [*SR*, Mar. 19] is interesting from an anthropologist's point of view, but it certainly does not offer any political solution to the "Chinese problem."

The author is apparently ignorant of China's struggle against the Communist regime and the important role of the government of the Republic of China. Throughout the entire article, he omits references to the Chinese government in Formosa—as if it did not exist. The Republic of China does exist and is (thank God) still recognized by the U.N. and some forty countries in the free world. How could one possibly go about discussing Chinese-American relations without even referring to Formosa?

Incidentally, I am not from Formosa, but am a graduate student from Singapore.

GEORGE C. K. TSENG,
Baylor University.

Waco, Tex.



FEW WOULD argue with Morton Fried's plea for knowledge concerning developments on the China mainland. However, permit me to point out what seems to be a serious misconception on his part. To say that "this ignorance . . . affects us far more than it does Communist China" is simply incorrect when the realities of the contemporary power balance are taken into consideration.

The leaders of Red China today have little conception of the core elements of American society. They have been insulated for too long from the mainstream of Western thought and development. Given the present erratic and irrational behavior of the Communist Chinese regime and the harm it could inflict upon mankind by precipitating or blundering into a world conflict through a basic misconception of American aims, it hardly seems reasonable to assume—as Fried does—that the Chinese could not benefit from cultural intercourse as much as, or more than, American citizens would.

HERMAN S. WOLK.

Omaha, Neb.

AIMEZ-VOUZ JEROME

JEROME BEATTY, JR., in his TRADE WINDS column on March 19, finds that certain names used by Françoise Sagan in "Aimez-Vouz Brahms . . " cause him to smile, and that fellows with such names are hard to take seriously. . . .

Many thousands of English socialists took *Mrs. Webb* fairly seriously. So do some of us take *Bertrand* Russell. *Catherine* the Great had her frisky moments, but on the whole she was a pretty indomitable character. And the *Luke* who wrote the third gospel has never got any laughs when I was around. *Roger* Bacon is held by some to be one of the initiators of modern science—a mighty serious proposition—and *Simon* Peter, the first Bishop of Rome, has been taken seriously by a lot of people. . . .

For that matter, can one take Jerome seriously?

H. B. ATLEE.

Halifax, Nova Scotia.

THE STRANGER

MAY I POINT OUT an error in Henry P. Van Dusen's review of François Mauriac's "The Son of Man" [*SR*, Mar. 5]? He states that Camus and Mauriac were both members of the French Academy. Mauriac was and is; Camus never was.

BERNARD SINSHEIMER.

Paris, France.

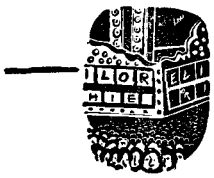
REQUIRED READING

KATHARINE KUH'S "Can Modern Art Survive Its Friends?" [*SR*, Mar. 12] is one of the finest pieces I have read in a long time. Please accept my warm congratulations on your editorial discernment in giving this distinguished article an important place in your excellent publication. It is certain to command wide readership, and it should be required reading for every student of art in America who is seriously interested in the contemporary scene.

NORMAN KENT,
Editor,
American Artist.

New York, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Easter Parade

WHETHER OR NOT one agrees that our movies are becoming more adult, there is little argument over the fact that precious few of the films produced today are suitable for children. Indeed, a friend of mine, a man who reviews movies for several magazines that circulate in the junior and senior high schools, reports that he may be facing technological unemployment. Whole months go by in which there is nothing that he can conscionably recommend to the youngsters. Instead, tailored to meet this market these days are films like "**Because They're Young,**" rowdy doings in a high school, with teen-age favorite Dick Clark as a history teacher; and "**Too Soon to Love,**" an inexpert little melodrama that repeats the "Blue Denim" formula on a lower budget.

This Spring, however, probably by sheer coincidence, there is a temporary respite. Suddenly a whole flock of pictures has come along to which parents can send the kiddies with a clear conscience, indubitably a boon now that Easter vacation is at hand. What it means is that a few producers have had the vision and good sense to realize that not all parents hand their little ones a quarter and turn them indiscriminately out-of-doors. And they candidly hope that there are enough such parents to bring a return on their investments in the long-neglected field of films for children.

One of these is Bert I. Gordon, producer and director of "**The Boy and the Pirates,**" which United Artists has on its Easter schedule. A youthful thirty-five, Mr. Gordon has three youngsters of his own, and feels that both as parent and producer he has "a responsibility to children." In evolving the story line of his pictures, he said recently, he likes to talk them out to his daughters (the oldest is thirteen) and their friends. He studies their reactions, and tosses out whatever seems too sophisticated, too hard to grasp, or too hard to swallow. "Kids have a strange kind of logic," he says. "They can accept the most implausible premise, but they will reject anything that doesn't flow directly from it. That, they feel, is cheating." Mr. Gordon himself rejects detailed shots of violence ("much better to imply it"), gruesome close-ups ("too much of that even for adults"), and excessive smoking or drinking.

The latter, of course, proved something of a problem in "The Boy and the Pirates," since history records that Blackbeard and his scurvy crew were not teetotalers. Gordon solved this by not letting the drinking seem attractive or fun—or the piracy either, for that matter. Although his hero, ten-year-old Charles Herbert, cherishes all sorts of romantic notions about the good life on the bounding main, Gordon clearly does not. And he sees to it, in the course of this pleasant fantasy in which young Master Herbert is transported back a couple of centuries to Blackbeard's time and ship, that the film ends with a thoroughly disillusioned boy—at least so far as piracy is concerned.

Other producers, less inventive than Bert Gordon, have turned to recognized children's classics for their stories—and that isn't such a bad idea either. "**A Dog of Flanders**" (20th Century-Fox) is a notably faithful transcription of Ouida's cherished tale, photographed in CinemaScope and subtle color against the flat, picturesque backdrop of the Dutch countryside. It is told quietly, rather slowly, and with admirable restraint, especially considering the tear-jerking potentials in the love of a boy for his dog. Inevitably, the emotions are stirred; but this is due to the content of Ouida's novel and the sensitive performances of Donald Crisp, Theodore Bikel, and young David Ladd, not to hyped-up sentimentality in James B. Clark's direction. Youngsters will probably recognize in "Patrasche," the wonderfully ugly dog of the title, their friend "Old Yeller" of a few years back.

The Walt Disney studio, which has always provided the trade with what little leadership exists in this special field, retains that leadership by providing *two* new titles, "**Kidnapped**" and "**Toby Tyler**" (with "Pollyanna" just in the offing). The Robert Louis Stevenson classic has been given a fine, handsome, virile production, with suitably gloomy Scottish castles, eye-filling glimpses of the islands and highlands, and spirited action on land and sea. The expert British cast is headed by Peter Finch as bold, romantic Alan Breck Stewart; and young James MacArthur, the only American on hand, makes a credibly sturdy and resourceful David. Not the least of its virtues is the fact that the film takes a forthright stand against killing, drinking, and gambling without ever being mealy-mouthed or self-conscious about it. "Toby Tyler," on the other hand, has little to recommend it beyond its evocation of the circus atmosphere of fifty years ago—and, of course, the fact that it was made for the kiddies.

The Easter cartoon feature this year comes not from Disney, but from the Soviet Soyuzmultfilm studios by way of Universal-International. It is an adaptation of Hans Christian Andersen's "**The Snow Queen,**" with a rather idiotic prologue featuring Art Linkletter, and with the voices of Sandra Dee, Tommy Kirk, and Patty McCormack standing in for the Russian originals. Once the picture gets under way (thanks to the prologue, it is now a story within a story within a story), the animation proves rather conventional and Disneyesque, deficient perhaps in Disney's comic inventiveness, but lacking too the unbridled sadism and terror of most of his cartooned climaxes. It is both old-worldly and old-fashioned, and just a little dull.

NOW, for adults only. . . There is a marvelous, sprightly, sparkling adaptation of Molière's "**Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme**" that is not to be missed. Although "canned theatre" invariably bores me to tears, director Jean Meyer has somehow managed to train his camera so skilfully on what you would be watching anyway if you were at a "live" performance that all the usual reservations fade away. And what the camera is trained upon is a definitive performance of the play by the Comédie Française, in richly glowing color, and set to the music of Lully. As M. Jourdain, Louis Seigner gives a robust comic performance that is deftly matched by virtually every member of the company: a level of interplaying unknown in this country simply because there is no equivalent repertory company. The sense of style, the finesse, the cohesion that are born of solid tradition and long experience are excitingly revealed in this joyous work. The titles, prepared by Miles Malleson (who has himself played M. Jourdain in a memorable production at Edinburgh), retain much of the flavor of the original. "Gentilhomme," incidentally, is the first step in a project to film the entire repertory of the Comédie Française, with "The Marriage of Figaro" already in the works.

And then there is "**Can-Can**" (20th Century-Fox). Despite Frank Sinatra, Shirley MacLaine, Maurice Chevalier, Louis Jourdan, and an attractive newcomer named Juliet Prowse, despite Todd-AO and Technicolor, despite the addition of four Cole Porter "standards," it does nothing more than transform a drab musical comedy from Broadway into a drab musical comedy from Hollywood. —ARTHUR KNIGHT.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Hero Without Portfolio

A LITTLE over a year ago, across a friendly beer in a Paris café, Eugene Ionesco jokingly explained the purpose of his two newest plays. "I am trying," he said, "to rehabilitate the middle class. They are the only ones left with a conscience."

To represent these dull, gauche citizens who have taken such a fearful literary beating in our time, M. Ionesco created a protagonist named Bérenger who appears both in "The Rhinoceros" (to be seen on Broadway next season) and in "**The Killer,**" now playing Off-Broadway at the Seven Arts Theatre. M. Bérenger is a timid soul naïve enough to believe in morality, public responsibility, friendship, and marriage, and Christian enough to give every other human being the benefit of the doubt.

In "The Killer" ("Killer Without Wages," literally translated), we watch M. Bérenger having a pleasant dream that gradually develops into a nightmare. As in Kafka, the images and events in the nightmare are evoked by the dreamer's anxieties—the reverse of the way such things happen in waking life, where the emotional distress is caused by the events.

At the beginning of the play, M. Bérenger takes the wrong bus and ends up in a Utopian building project called "the radiant city," where everything has been laid out in antiseptic perfection by a bureaucratic welfare state. It features eternal sunshine, radiant billows of flowers, and clean, efficient buildings, all of which quite understandably impresses our non-intellectual knight. And since every dream city must have a dream girl, he falls in love at first sight with the chief architect's secretary and instantly proposes marriage. But his sweet dream is elusive; he is horrified to learn that almost all the inhabitants of the radiant city want to move out but cannot because there is no other place to go.

The reason for their dissatisfaction is perhaps their boredom with the welfare state and their guilt about comfort not shared with those who live outside the project. These things are externalized by a killer whose method is to entice his victims with dirty postcards and other curiosities he carries in his briefcase, and then when they lean forward to get a better look at "the photograph of the colonel" (the glamor of war?) to push them into a lake. Oddly enough the officials of the radiant city are not greatly concerned about catching the killer, for if one is content merely to breathe a comfortable "fully insured" existence, there is nothing to fear. Here, as in "The Rhinoceros," Ionesco seems to be suggesting the notion that physical retrogression and death are psychosomatic and must be self-willed, or at least surrendered to, for want of anything better.

He is also suggesting that any break in the routine of life can be catastrophic. When the architect's secretary who has just resigned her job is murdered by the killer, the architect coldly points out that her mistake was not getting right out of the project the minute she left the service.

The death of his "fiancée" stirs Bérenger out of his euphoria into a sickened gloom. He returns to his shabby quarters to find a symbol of his sickness waiting for him in the person of Edouard, a consumptive young intellectual. Gradually it is discovered that Edouard is carrying a briefcase containing all the paraphernalia of the killer and a diary of his murders. Being too guileless (and schizoid?) to suspect his friend, Bérenger excitedly insists upon taking the evidence to the authorities.

In the final act the dream expands. Hurrying to reach city hall before it closes, Bérenger finds himself in the middle of a square where a political rally is clogging traffic. Mother Peep is expounding the virtues of the new goose-step state, and Ionesco digresses a bit to satirize the ways of the Soviet Union. Mother Peep explains that the people have been suffering from mystification, that they shall be demystified, but that first they must be remystified. She proposes "to change everything by changing nothing, to disalienate mankind by alienating each individual man." She concludes by promising: "We won't persecute, but we'll punish and deal out justice. We won't colonize, we'll occupy the countries we liberate. We won't exploit men, we'll make them productive. We'll call compulsory work voluntary. War shall change its name to peace. . . . And everyone will be free to say if the goose-step's not well done."

From out of the crowd appears a drunken aristocrat who cries out for a hero who will dare to think against history and react against his times. And, as a second personalization of the vanishing upper class, Ionesco introduces an old man who cares little about modern politics and is simply looking for the Danube. Both of these ineffectuals are carrying briefcases exactly like Edouard's, and when Bérenger discovers that Edouard doesn't have his briefcase with him, he begins to accuse the others of having taken it. But their briefcases contain only bottles of wine (the suicide weapon of the upper class?). Mother Peep also has a briefcase containing boxes of the Goose game (opiate of the new masses?).

The determined Bérenger sends Edouard back to fetch the killer's satchel, while he attempts to go on ahead and warn the authorities to wait for it. After a brief wrangle with the policemen, who are so busy misdirecting the traffic that they show no interest in doing anything about homicide, Bérenger starts walking the dark and deserted road that leads to justice. Along the way he is met by the killer, who seems a projection of his own despair. Bérenger, appealing to him to reform, offers him every moral and material reason that he can think of. But, as in Kafka's "The Trial," the executioner who kills without motive is inexorable.

The American production of "The Killer" is best in the first act, where the performers play with a sharply defined austerity. Louis Edmonds enacts the dehumanized chief architect with a poetic sense of regret. And Hiram Sherman's polite gaucheness as Bérenger is amusing and pathetic. However, after the death of his fiancée, we do not feel a growing intensity of awareness and despair in Bérenger as we should. Instead, the choreographer, the interpreter, and the technicians take over, and the last two acts are accompanied by babbling musical intrusions and characters who dance about for no visible reason. But worst of all is the interpretation of the killer as a whimsical sprite who runs up and down blowing up and deflating balloons which he takes from his briefcase. This is not in Ionesco's script (for the true, complete play, see the published version; Grove, $1.95) and it distracts from the tautness and emotional stature of the shortened final scene. While these wilful production inadequacies severely damage M. Ionesco's rehabilitation project, they do not keep "The Killer" from seeming the most thought-provoking play about the world's present state of affairs we've had since "The Cave Dwellers."

—HENRY HEWES.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW

THE TAPE THAT COST $9,000,000 TO PERFECT! SOUNDCRAFT TAPE WITH THE NEW

FA-4 FREQUENCY ADJUSTED FORMULATION

DESIGNED TO MEET THE UNLIMITED CHALLENGE OF THE MOST EXCITING NEW ERA IN RECORDING HISTORY!

Only years of research... and the most modern and advanced tape manufacturing facilities in the world... could have perfected this tape! Soundcraft's new FA-4 FORMULATION is *frequency adjusted* to provide the superlative sound reproduction *demanded* in this exciting era of new discoveries and innovations in tape recording. You'll hear "highs" as never before... *the full frequency spectrum* for perhaps the very first time!

Insist on Soundcraft Tape with the new FA-4 FORMULATION before you run another reel through your recorder... you'll never settle for inferior sound reproduction again!

R103

REEVES SOUNDCRAFT CORP.

Great Pasture Rd., Danbury, Conn. • Chicago: 28 E. Jackson Blvd.
Los Angeles: 342 N. LaBrea • Toronto: 700 Weston Rd.

MUSIC TO MY EARS

Auditions and Auditors—Bernstein, Shure

OPERATIC song contests are a commonplace on the stage of the Metropolitan, but there was nothing conventional in the real-life contest which took place in late March as this year's crop of Regional Auditions finalists performed for Rudolf Bing, members of his staff, and more than 1,000 listeners scattered through the theatre. Because the National Council of the Metropolitan Opera has extended its area of consideration to include Canada as well as Mexico, the range was as broad geographically (continental) as vocally (coloratura to bass). Seventeen hopefuls were finally separated into half a dozen joyfuls (award winners) and twice as many tearfuls.

Principal joyful was Mary MacKenzie, a New York-born mezzo now living in California, whose singing of "O mio Fernando" won her a Metropolitan contract. I have no quarrel with the choice, if Rudolf Bing thinks he can use her sizable, somewhat metallic voice; but I find incomprehensible the nebulous standards (or lack of them) by which youngsters of nineteen or so (one baritone is a sophomore at Montana State University) are equated with Miss MacKenzie, who has sung professionally, even to being Mary to Birgit Nilsson's Senta in a Chicago "Holländer." Such a singer should be subject to the Metropolitan's normal auditions procedure, rather than being "turned up" in a contest.

If the National Council is not to jeopardize the uniqueness of its Regional Auditions (presumably to find talent which would not be heard otherwise) it should quickly clarify its rules for inclusion or exclusion. If nothing else, there should be a preliminary screening in the Opera House itself, to eliminate the obviously inadequate (if only for lack of sufficient vocal power) before they are exposed to public scrutiny. If some of the contestants went away bewildered this time, they had plenty of company in the audience.

Another kind of audition was conducted later in the week when Piero Cappuccilli, a baritone born in Trieste who made his Italian debut in 1956, came for a look-see-hear as Germont in a Saturday night "Traviata." The young man has a voice of substance and power; as of now, it is somewhat rough and darker than the youthful average. He sang his Verdi conscientiously as well as cleanly, amounting in the end to a manly rather than paternal Father Germont. Licia Albanese (by name if not by voice) was the Violetta, with Barry Morrell as Alfredo.

Erich Leinsdorf's first Metropolitan "Parsifal" in nearly twenty years seemed well on the way to becoming one of his finest accomplishments (an attraction elsewhere usurped attention). But assuredly "Parsifal" is one of those works in which well-begun is half done: the conductor who can breathe with the pulse of the "Prelude" and shade the background of the first scene as expertly to the voices as Leinsdorf did is, clearly, at grips with the problem. What he had to offer, tonally and temperamentally, was admirably suited to the ever-expanding Gurnemanz of Jerome Hines, the unfamiliar, appealing Parsifal of Karl Liebl, and the well-practiced Kundry of Martha Mödl and Herman Uhde's Amfortas.

Concurrently, Thomas Scherman was providing the first New York hearing of Berlioz's "Beatrice and Benedict" after 100 years of existence. All credit for Scherman's enterprise, but not so much for his execution, which included an English "commentary" amid the French text, a bustling but untidy performance of the familiar overture, and a questionable choice of voices for this pioneering purpose. Adele Addison performed delightfully in the beautiful "Je vais le voir" and other music of Hero, but joy otherwise was intermittent in the work of Irene Jordan as Beatrice and Michel Sénéchal as Benedict. Much of the score is engaging, all of it is fanciful, and from time to time there are enlivening touches of the lively talent for humor known to lovers of Berlioz's prose. Over all is a lightness and virtuosity beyond the reach of most of the participants (other than Miss Addison). The same tale has just come to hand after a London performance during the same week.

BY the exercise of that mental agility for which he is widely admired, Leonard Bernstein managed to combine an observance of the 250th anniversary of the birth of Giovanni Pergolesi with the beginning of a series examining "Twentieth Century Problems in Music" when he resumed direction of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra in Carnegie Hall. What matter if the Concertino (No. 3) in A, which began the evening, was declared (in the program notes) to be "probably not by Pergolesi" or that the "Pulcinella" which followed, though assuredly by Stravinsky, was dubiously derived from the same master?

It is not unknown for good anecdotes

REPRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

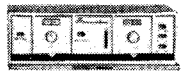
to be apocryphal, a procedure paralleled in Bernstein's entertaining discourse on Thursday. He made a good point by contrasting the originals of "Pulcinella" (by "Pergolesi or Radiciotti, Shakespeare or Bacon") with Stravinsky's adaptation, though the mere fact that the results sounded "modern" (as he termed them) did not seem to me a consequential solution to "The Search for Style," as this lecturette was subtitled. How durable is "modern"? About as lasting as Wagner's "Music of the Future"—which is to say a thing, now, of the past. The Stravinsky was deftly performed, the Sibelius Seventh Symphony intermittently so. As is well known, this is a work which combines the elements of a four-movement symphony in a single uninterrupted sequence. Bernstein's performance began and ended well, even as the work itself, but in the pre-terminal phase, in which the composer's own direction is not self-evident, the recreation also lacked definition. Shure collaborated in a sizable, purposeful, invigorating performance of the Brahms D minor Concerto, in which Bernstein showed another side of his many gifts in directing a powerful yet well-balanced performance of the orchestral part. Shure has many admirable traits, though pianistic charm and magnetism are, unfortunately, not among them.

SOMETHING worth while may, eventually, emerge from the talents demonstrated by Erik Hillman, a young German pianist who chose a program of Bach with which to introduce himself in Carnegie Recital Hall. Unlike most other performers, Hillman brought along his own piano (a slightly larger-than-baby-grand Steinway, in a blond case that suggested European origin), which had been altered to prevent overpedaling: it had no pedals at all.

Hillman's inclination toward "Basic Bach" was borne out in his carefully chosen ornaments in the B flat Partita (the Sarabande in particular), in the tempi and figurations of the D major Toccata, as well as in the concluding Aria and Thirty Variations ("Goldberg"). But the reliance he put on finger power alone for light and shade, contrast and color, was somewhat beyond his present capacity to realize. Hillman's musicianship, his discrimination and feeling for the idiom are all uncommon. What he needs now is to develop a subtler seasoning in rhythm, nuance, and dynamics to vary the bland diet of pedal-less pianistics. —IRVING KOLODIN.

Shhhhhh...
the components
don't know
the cabinet is there!
Sixteen cabinets in a wide variety of finishes are available. Stylings include: Early American, Contemporary, Italian Provincial, French Provincial, Oriental and Traditional. Prices for phono and radio-phono ensembles range from $349.95 to $1,095.

Stromberg-Carlson isolates speaker systems within the cabinet to create the first console with authentic component reproduction.



Stereo AM-FM Radio Tuner in many ensembles, can be added to others.

Interchangeable components include a variety of stereo high-fidelity amplifiers.

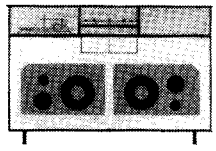
Garrard stereo record changers or Stromberg-Carlson turntables.

Acoustical Labyrinth® speaker systems—isolated for precise sound.

Feedback problems—caused by securing speakers within the same cabinet as the other sensitive components—hamper precise component reproduction in ordinary consoles. Stromberg-Carlson eliminates feedback in the new Integrity Series Ensembles with a unique cabinet-within-cabinet suspension that isolates the speaker systems from the other components. This allows Stromberg-Carlson to use the same precise, interchangeable components chosen by high-fidelity enthusiasts. As a result, the components in Integrity Series Ensembles reproduce records, tape and radio broadcasts precisely as they would if the cabinet wasn't there.

See the Integrity Series at the best department, music or component store in your area. Look. Listen. Judge. Then choose your component sound and cabinet styling.

THIS MAKES THE DIFFERENCE • A unique mounting method isolates the speaker system components within the cabinet for authentic component stereo high-fidelity reproduction. For a full explanation and a complete color catalog write: Special Products Division, 1427-049 North Goodman Street, Rochester 3, New York.



Prices subject to change

For Integrity in Music—"There is nothing finer than a Stromberg-Carlson"

STROMBERG-CARLSON

A DIVISION OF **GENERAL DYNAMICS**

PRODUCED 2005 BY PROQUEST
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOOD CLIMATE for a GOOD TIME!

NOVA SCOTIA

Canada's Ocean Playground

Some people are still mixed-up about Nova Scotia's climate.

One vacationist last summer brought skis!

Someone had told him to come to Nova Scotia if he wanted "to get away from the heat."

We heard he swapped his skis for sunglasses and swimming trunks.

Summer nights *are* cool here. But days are normally sunny and warm. Witness these 1959 temperatures:

	Mean	Max.
May	49.9°	87.1°
June	54.7°	83.0°
July	64.4°	86.6°
Aug.	64.1°	83.8°
Sept.	60.9°	82.8°
Oct.	49.9°	75.1°

Nova Scotia's easy to reach. Good highways. Easy on your pocketbook, too.

Free! Preview Packet, including your invitation to join "The Order of the Good Time."

NOVA SCOTIA TRAVEL BUREAU
Box 130, Halifax, Nova Scotia
(or 247 Park Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)
Please send free packet to:

.....

.....

.....

SD-4-9-60

BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Twenty-thousand-dollar Plots Under the Sea

ONE WAY to see the Florida Keys is to listen to Jimmie Sproule, a pilot who comes to work in a purple shirt and yellow trousers. Mr. Sproule these days is the chauffeur of a five-passenger Beechcraft Travel Air that he operates on behalf of Duck Key, a resort that lives on dredged-up land ninety-five miles south of Miami. Duck Key believes in modern operation. Why jangle over the Overseas Highway, admittedly a handsome water-bordered *autobahn*, for two and a half hours when Mr. Sproule can have you there in twenty minutes? What you get in the bargain is Jimmie Sproule, who learned to fly in 1928 and later, as a pilot for Panagra, spent his time winging down the west coast of South America.

Sproule learned to fly before and after school at the Stickney Avenue Airport in Toledo. He made the education pay almost immediately by leaping out of planes on delayed jumps, which means you step out into nothing at 12,000 feet and you pull the cord at 2,000 feet. You carry a sack of flour open at one end so the crowd can follow the descent. The pay for this kind of labor came to $35 per jump in the Thirties, and if the bag didn't open and spew flour, or, worse yet, if you dropped it, you didn't get paid at all.

The warm-weather islands are well known to him because he worked the area during Prohibition, flying what he now likes to call a "freight run" between West End, Grand Bahama, in the liquid zone, and Lake Okeechobee in the dry belt. The flier who hired him ran the Okeechobee end, an area he policed wearing nothing more than a T-shirt pulled down to respectable length and held there by his gun belt. Visitors were dissuaded from close inspection of the Okeechobee area by pot shots.

T-shirt had difficulty meeting the payroll, so Sproule moved on to more respectable labors in Chicago for Century Airlines, which was merged into American Airlines. He went to Lima with Panagra, to Central America with Taca, to the North Atlantic with the Army Ferry Command, and back to the Bahamas he knew so well with Bahamas Airways. "Flying owes me no living," says Jimmie Sproule. He lives now on Lower Matecumbe Key, ten miles from Duck Key, and has another home in Fowl Cay in the Bahamas. After flying passengers in and out of the resort all day, he flies the plane back to

—*Florida State News Bureau.*

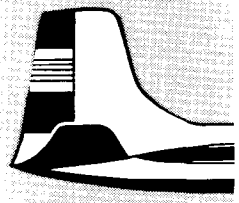
Fishermen at Marathon Key—also two pools, television in every room, and fishing from comfortable chairs.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Matecumbe, where he has plowed a strip alongside his house. If he's late he calls ahead and has a confederate light flare pots; or if the night is not too dark he simply asks someone to drive a car out and he comes home on the headlights. Next morning he flies off to Duck Key on the tourist route.

Sproule's landings on Duck Key are made on a sort of dog-leg runway which, like the rest of the key, was pumped out of the ocean by a Toronto financier and miner named Bryan Newkirk, who helped plan the planned city of Coral Gables. Himself a resident of the Bahamas, Newkirk came to the Keys in 1951, bought a tract of ocean bottom, and began to pump land out of the sea. He pumped day and night for two years, until two million cubic yards were showing above the surface. Then he dug four miles of canals, spanned them with beautiful concrete bridges, and came up with twelve and a half miles of waterfront property. "Miami Beach," he notes, "only has fifty." Five islands were formed, and there are plans for all of them. Yacht Club Island, which faces the sea behind a rock revetment, offers the highest-priced lots—$40,000 for an ocean-front residential tract. Centre Island has been carved into 282 home sites; Harbour Island will have apartment buildings centered around a pool, terrace, and cabana area. The heart of Duck Key has already been established on Indies Island, which is connected to the Miami-to-Key West highway by a 2,000-foot causeway.

ALREADY open (since January) is a sparkling new hotel called Indies House, which Newkirk and his associates decided to build last July. It was designed by Morris Lapidus, the rather uninhibited architect who has willingly signed his name to such Miami Beach piles as the Americana, the Fontainebleau, and the Eden Roc. If his Miami Beach designs were noisome conglomerations of the best and the worst of two worlds, Lapidus has turned in a handsome arpeggio on the keys. The hotel is built small and low, fanning out in two wings connected to the center of the house by glass walkways. Whites and tangerines, greens and blues and turquoise brighten the rooms and the lobby. Colored tile floors give it sparkle and tropical elegance. Television comes in from Miami to every room. Terraces look out to the canals of Duck Key where guests will soon watch the yachts glide by, or to the waterside play area set with two pools, one square and tiled, the other huge and oval with a natural bottom twenty feet deep. A spire crowns the restaurant, called the Fim do Mundo after the famed end-of-the-



LOWEST
All-Year
AIR FARES TO
EUROPE

ENJOY complete Tourist service and still pay LESS than Economy fares on any other scheduled transatlantic airline. 2 full-course meals, Cognac and midnight snack, all complimentary . . . fewer passengers, more space. The only airline that gives you *extra* savings on Off Season rates for 9 full months (Aug. 16 to May 15) . . . plus even bigger benefits on ICELANDIC's Family Plan.

SHORTEST OVER-OCEAN FLIGHTS never more than 400 miles from an airport!

NEW YORK via ICELAND to
BRITAIN • HOLLAND • GERMANY • NORWAY
SWEDEN • DENMARK • FINLAND
LUXEMBOURG

LOFTLEIDIR

Ask any Travel Agent **ICELANDIC AIRLINES**

15 West 47th Street, New York 36, Plaza 7-8585
CHICAGO · SAN FRANCISCO

a car is a must in Europe!

A Citroen in front of the Chateau Gaillard in Normandy

Citroen is your best choice, with a car and a plan for every budget.

Citroen DS 19: luxurious 5 passenger sedan with full power assists and luxurious interior.

Citroen ID 19: 5 passenger family sedan with reclining seats and large luggage compartment.

Citroen Station Wagon: 4-door, 8 passenger, roomiest and most economical in its class. Perfect for the traveling family.

Air-Oil Suspension comfort is featured in the above three models.

Citroen 2 CV: 4 door, 4 seater, 50 mpg, and...convertible.

Reserve your car now. Write to the Direct Factory Branch for free Overseas Delivery Brochure.

CITROËN
CARS CORPORATION
In New York City: 300 Park Avenue, Dept. SR 4-9
In Los Angeles: 8423 Wilshire Blvd., Dept. SR 4-9

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

enjoy
all of
EUROPE

Go one route... Return the other on the gracious, spacious "OLYMPIA" and "ARKADIA"

MEDITERRANEAN—From New York and Boston, the magnificent 23,000-ton "OLYMPIA," to glorious Greece via Lisbon, Naples, Messina, Cyprus and Haifa. 22 public rooms—2 swimming pools—superb service—renowned Continental cuisine.

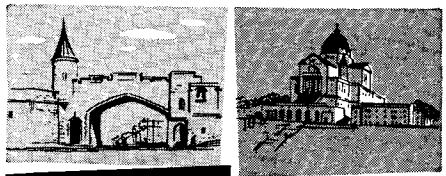
NORTH ATLANTIC—From Canada, the friendly 20,260-ton "ARKADIA," fastest in regular service to Germany via Cobh, Havre, London and Amsterdam. Choice of thousands of veteran travelers for its spaciousness, speed and service.

See your TRAVEL AGENT

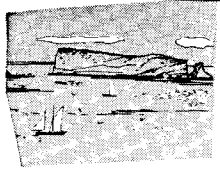
GREEK LINE

10 Bridge Street, New York 4, N. Y.

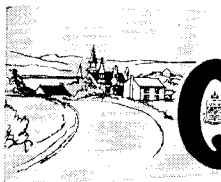
New York • Atlanta • Boston • Cleveland • Chicago • Detroit • Los Angeles • Philadelphia • San Francisco • Toronto • Montreal • Vancouver



ENJOY A VACATION IN FRENCH CANADA



You'll appreciate the unspoilt beauty of its mountains, lakes, rivers. its splendid roads. World-famous shrines. Historic Quebec City—Metropolitan Montreal. French Canada welcomes you with warm hospitality and mouth-watering cuisine in comfortable modern inns and hotels.



LA PROVINCE DE **Québec**

Provincial Tourist Bureau
710 Grande-Allee East, Dept. 82-A
Quebec City, Canada

Please send me Free road-map and illustrated booklets to plan my Quebec vacation.

My main interest is.....

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

EUROPEAN FESTIVALS

—sans sightseeing!

A most unusual tour, for those who have been to Europe before. Includes over 20 of Europe's famed festivals and fetes*. De-luxe throughout.

*Eisteddefod, Wales; Children's Festival, Dinkelsbuhl; Oberammergau Passion Play; Wagner Festival, Bayreuth; Palio, Siena; Edinburgh Festival; Highland Games, etc. June 30. 67 days.

See your travel agent or write —

HEMPHILL WORLD CRUISES
1201 W. 4th Los Angeles 17, Calif.
Specialists in international travel

ASTA

1960-61 Travel Guide to Europe

OLSON'S

ABOARD AND ABROAD

Get the most complete, up-to-date, handy guide to Europe. Pocket size, 1,006 pp. $5.95 at your bookstore or from J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO., 227 S. 6th St., Phila. 5, Pa.

AIR TRAVELERS TO FOREIGN DESTINATIONS

SAVE to 40% **TAX-FREE CIGARETTES, CIGARS**

Delivered to plane seat on flights from Idlewild. NOT weighed as baggage. Room 2119, Arrivals Building, or at our Booth in Terminal Building. For details, Write, Call or Visit.

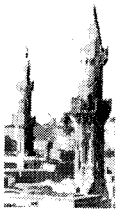
WORLD TOBACCO CO., INC.
New York International Airport
Jamaica 30, N. Y. • OL 6-5273

world restaurant in Cascais, Portugal, a favorite of the management.

Tennis courts bearing the Don Budge label are already installed across from the front entrance. Alongside is a nine-hole long-iron golf course where a misplay lands you in the salty drink. Two charter boats wait to take the fishermen out in search of tarpon, dolphin, and kingfish, not to mention sailfish, which run best in November. Bonefish wait in the flats, and there is a range for skeet and trap. Just a few years ago Duck Key was a mass of mangrove, but Newkirk bought two nurseries and transplanted their entire stock on Duck Key. Now purple orchid trees grow, and the lawns of the first houses are planted with gumbo limbo trees, which Bahamians brew for medicine. Doves fly over the bottle-green waters that rush with the tides into the canals, and herons come homing in, gliding over the shoals where the water is glacier blue.

WHILE Newkirk has pumped out land for the well-to-do (winter rates at Indies House start at $20 a day European plan, half that in summer), other pumpers are pumping for the hoi polloi. Eight miles away, just down the watery pike, stands the chartered community of Key Colony Beach, a maze of restaurants, motels, apartments, and rentable fishing gear, all of it resting atop pumped-out land. There is not only a post office and a city hall, but a convention hall, a shopping center, and a marina as well. On the mile-long sand beach stands the Ruttgers Beach Motel, a branch of Minnesota's Bay Lake Lodge. A 1,200-foot fishing pier where you fish from a comfortable chair runs for 200 feet in fourteen feet of water. And for those who set to sea, there is bottom, bone, and tarpon fishing. In summer, when the rates drop to $8 and $10 a night (from a $22 winter high), the mean temperature is 81. In winter it is comfortable to know that this reclaimed resort is 306 miles farther

PRODUCED BY A COMPUTER. COPYRIGHT ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



See the Holy Land yourself with a Maupintour group!

Middle East

Join an American conducted tour visiting Egypt, Lebanon, Syria, Jordan Kingdom, Israel, Greece, and Italy, plus a Greek Isle Cruise, the Obermmergau Passion Play, and Russian Extensions. Frequent departures, 26 days, $1557 from New York. Flying Sabena. Planned and directed by Harriet-Louise H. Patterson.

Visit Russia this very year with a Maupintour group!

Soviet Union

Choose from 17 to 72 day, all-inclusive American conducted tours visiting Russia, plus Eastern and Western Europe. Several tours visit Bulgaria and Roumania, and include Dalmatian Coast and Black Sea cruises plus the Obermmergau Passion Play. College student, teacher, thrift, and first class tours. Rates from $495.

All Maupintour planned tours include extensive sight-seeing plus free time to explore on your own. Ask your travel agent or write H. Neil Mecaskey, Jr., Maupintour, 400 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Maupintour

60 DAYS OF

A Summer Abroad with PFE...
A month's residence and study at Le Fleuron in Florence or a thirty-day *stay in Paris with a forty-hour university* course sponsored by André Maurois,

TRAVEL & STUDY

Robert Schuman, and Marshal Juin plus a thirty-day European tour (choice of three itineraries including the USSR). Air Transportation. All inclusive from $1375. Write for 16-page illustrated brochure.

IN EUROPE

PARIS • FRANCE • EUROPE
ASSOCIATION FOR STUDY AND TRAVEL, INC.
10 E. 49th ST., N.Y. 17,

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Please send the address at which copies are now being received, as well as the new address, when notifying us of an address change. Allow four weeks for the changeover. Include postal zone number, if any.

SATURDAY REVIEW
Circulation Department
25 West 45th St., New York 36, N. Y.

south than Cairo. And infinitely more friendly.

The most popular invention on the keys since the rod and reel is the "botel," a mutation of a motel especially designed for those interested in boats. Botels are built in double units, and each unit has a sleeping room and a combination living room, dining room, and kitchen. The local island pumpers will build a twin unit for $20,000, with the suggestion that the new owner live on one side, rent out the other. Each comes completely equipped for housekeeping, with a patio and a pier on the canal in back. There are now 110 botels in Key Colony Beach alone; they rent for $100 a week in winter and $75 a week in summer. Boats are available for hire, or you can bring your own.

The metropolis of Marathon, where much of this pumping is going on, was once just a scattering of houses on the highway catering to passing fishermen. Now it's a regular airline stop for the plane which flies between Key West and Miami Beach. It also sports one of the country's best seafood restaurants, Hanley's, where the tables look out to the boats tied up at the dock and the menu is decorated with those Key specialties—stone crabs, green turtle steak, and the inevitable key lime pie, which is sort of a lemon meringue pie with a press agent. For four dollars Hanley's will present a whole shore dinner with filet of snapper, fried Key shrimp, half a broiled lobster, green turtle sauté, and Key lime pie. There are some fancy specialties every day, and on the day I stopped by, the chef was pushing snapper Delmonico, sautéed with apples, raisins, and white wine. Like the rest of the Keys, the best of Hanley's is lifted from the sea. —HORACE SUTTON.

The Dance of Bharata

Time was when Gods walked and sported among men and men had not lost the power to see them. It was then that the Secret of the Dance was revealed by the Lord of the Universe to a mortal, Bharata. Later, the dance in its divine form was developed by the *devadasis* of the temples of old. The sculptures of India even today pay tribute to the grace and dazzle of these devoted nymphs. And even today this living dance is performed in all its purity in the dance theatres of India.

Seek the unique and the aesthetic this year; seek the temples and dances of India.

For further information,
see your travel agent, or write dept. SR

India

GOVERNMENT TOURIST OFFICE
19 East 49th St., New York 17, N. Y.
MUrray Hill 8-2245
685 Market St., San Francisco 5, Calif.
EXbrook 7-0066

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"WHAT WAS MY DADDY LIKE?"

Little Demetra Kouropdos often asks her mother, "What was my daddy like?" She loves to hear about her father. He is part of Demetra's dream.

Mrs. Kouropdos tells the little girl about their happy life in Athens before the father died. Demetra can hardly believe it. Life was so different then from the desperate poverty she knows today.

The father's wages supported his wife and little son Nicholas adequately. When Demetra was expected they were overjoyed. Two months before Demetra was born the father died of pneumonia. Demetra thinks he might have recovered if she could have nursed him. She dreams of being a nurse and helping other people.

Mrs. Kouropdos encourages Demetra's dream. But deep in her heart she doubts that it can ever be. Since her husband's death, they have moved to a tiny room. Her own health will not permit her to work. Her small pension will not support 2 children. To send Demetra to school she had to place her son in an orphanage.

Demetra knows that without help she too may be separated from her mother. Still she holds to her dream . . . she will become a nurse and help someone in need like the father she never knew.

You can help a child like Demetra

Right now you can help a child like Demetra live a happier, more normal life. Through an SCF Sponsorship, your sponsored child receives supplementary food, warm clothing, household articles, and money. *And* the greatest gift of all—your friendship. Correspondence with a child through SCF gives hope and encouragement, not only to the child but to the child's family. Join the growing Save the Children Federation family of sponsors whose love and interest brings warmth and happiness to children in destitute areas of the free world.

Fill in the coupon below; begin an experience of "people-to-people" help, that can be one of the most gratifying experiences in your life.

SCF National Sponsors include: Mrs. Dwight D. Eisenhower, Herbert Hoover, Henry Luce, Norman Rockwell, Dr. Ralph W. Sockman.

Registered with the U. S. State Department Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid
"SERVING CHILDREN FOR 28 YEARS"

SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION

Boston Post Rd., Norwalk, Connecticut

I want to sponsor a child at $150 a year in: Korea . . . Greece . . . France . . . Lebanon . . . Italy . . . West Germany . . . Austria . . . or where need is greatest. . . .
Enclosed is $150 for 1 year . . . $75 semi-annually . . . $37.50 for 1st quarter . . . $12.50 for 1st month . . . I cannot be a sponsor but enclosed is my gift of $ . . . . . .
Please send me my sponsored child's name, story and picture.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....

Contributions are Deductible for Income Tax purposes SR 4-60

THE ROAD TO SEA

IN 1883 Henry Morrison Flagler, honeymooning in Florida with his second wife, found his idyll somewhat marred by the poor hotels available in St. Augustine. Most honeymooners, if similarly disappointed, could merely grumble or move on. Flagler built a new hotel, the Ponce de Leon, which opened two years later. But to fill a big hotel you needed transportation, and that moved Flagler to build the Florida East Coast Railway, which he laid along the golden shore, running it southward by 1890 as far as Daytona and Ormond Beach. The frosts that injured the fruit and vegetable crops in the central parts of the state provided the impetus for extending the line to Fort Dallas, a city which was incorporated under the name Miami in 1896. That year it listed 502 voters.

When it became clear that the U.S. would build the Panama Canal, Flagler decided to extend the line to Key West. It was an enormous undertaking and a disheartening one. Hurricanes in 1906, 1909, and 1910 washed out the roadbed. Will power and diligence and $20,000,000 prevailed, however, and in 1913 (four months before he died at eighty-two) Flagler rode into Key West aboard his own railroad car.

Meanwhile, there was considerable agitation to stretch an auto road along the tracks. By 1928 a highway of sorts ran from Florida City to Key West except for two major gaps, each fourteen miles wide. Drivers resorted to ferry service in the open spaces but pressed for a continuous roadway. The trains meanwhile ran over their perilous route until 1935, when a hurricane tore out part of the roadbed, and the seagoing railroad was finally abandoned. The state then converted the old roadbed into the Overseas Toll Highway, which opened for traffic in March 1938. The wooden bridges were later replaced with concrete, and nearly a dozen hurricanes have failed to molest them.

It takes forty bridges to connect the steppingstones that stretch now for 122 miles from the Florida mainland to Key West, which is filled with the U.S. Navy, tourists, such winter recluses as Tennessee Williams, and a thriving colony of displaced Cubans who dispense black beans and rice, guava shells and cheese, paella, and politics.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TV AND RADIO

The Professor Looks at Television

A NOVEL, enterprising experiment recently launched at Pennsylvania State University suggests a new role for the university professor in television. Hitherto, educators have for the most part concerned themselves with the medium only as it might affect the teaching of their special subjects. They have asked themselves whether TV can reach more students, whether it can move facts and insights faster, deeper, and more permanently into student minds than face-to-face teaching. But so far most higher education faculties have simply had no truck at all with the use of TV itself, their attitudes stemming from emotional resistance, intellectual hostility, lack of experimental facilities, or outright rejection of the total phenomenon of mass culture. The new role suggested by Penn State's Center for Continuing Liberal Education is that of the professor as a television critic. A number of Penn State faculty members are currently participating in a thirteen-week series of hour-long programs aimed at encouraging critical standards for the viewing of commercial broadcasts by set owners in the Altoona-Johnstown area.

The professors have to bone up for "TV Guidelines," which is broadcast regularly every Thursday at 8:30 P.M., through an extraordinary technical arrangement called the State College cable. This connects a Penn State studio with a blank channel on local TV sets, via a community antenna supported by 850 subscribers who pool their monthly contributions in order to get better reception in the mountain area served commercially by two stations. The boning up by the faculty members involves watching in advance a week's diet of commercial programs in some such category as Westerns, comedy, detective-mystery, news, drama, or commercials. On the air, during the first half of the program, the gown critics (and a few "ordinary viewers" from the town) rate the shows they have watched, and explain and defend their judgments on the basis of guidelines that have been sent in advance to all cable subscribers. In the second half-hour, viewers call the studio on special telephone lines and are heard questioning the critics, debating their judgments, and giving their own evaluations of the programs in the night's category.

Dr. Robert W. Iversen, assistant director of social studies for the Center, is keeping records of the programs, and the university's Division of Academic Research is interviewing the cable subscribers; thus, when the series ends in June, the experimenters will know something about viewing habits and tastes. No doubt, viewers of "TV Guidelines," discerning and sharing actively in the confrontation and clash of comparative judgments (even though restricted to essentially minor mutations in a program species), cannot help but come away with ranges broadened and skepticisms sharpened. For a long time, isolated visionaries in education have been trying to persuade their slower-seeing brethren of the urgent need for the teaching of mass-media judgment. In a time of ubiquitous gap-closing, this gap still yawns widest at every level of our schools. The Penn State project is the first I've heard about which uses television in a sustained, creative manner to develop criteria for viewing by the general public.

Educational TV stations everywhere ought to be following the Penn State lead, either by duplicating the "TV Guidelines" idea or by creating other fresh approaches to the problem. I have never been able to understand why the educational TV fraternity has neglected its own medium (and radio) to teach the public how to select and discriminate among mass media fare. "Judgment is all," as William F. Lynch, S.J., says in his provocative book "The Image Industries." In a time of extreme cultural relativism, training in value judgments is imperative; and as it becomes ever more sadly apparent that the mass media are reluctant candidates for the role of trainer, it becomes more urgent for the schools to take up the task. There is no other institution which can do the massive job—and if the schools don't do it, it won't be done.

Pessimists maintain that where the cultivated mind meets the mass culture, the result can only be the degradation of the former, not the uplifting of the latter. This is the professor's challenge. He could make a fine try, exposing "Perry Mason," "77 Sunset Strip," "Dennis the Menace," *et al.* to the glare of his special competencies in the role of TV critic.

—ROBERT LEWIS SEASON.

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Showplace of the Nation
Rockefeller Center • Ci 6-4600
DORIS DAY • DAVID NIVEN
In A EUTERPE PRODUCTION
"PLEASE DON'T EAT THE DAISIES"
Co-Starring
JANIS PAIGE • SPRING BYINGTON
RICHARD HAYDN • and the four "little monsters"
Based on the Book by JEAN KERR
Directed by CHARLES WALTERS
Produced by JOE PASTERNAK
From M-G-M in CinemaScope
and METROCOLOR
THE MUSIC HALL'S GREAT EASTER STAGE SHOW
"Glory of Easter"
Far-famed Cathedral Spectacle . . . produced by Leonidoff, and
"TULIPTIME IN HOLLAND"
New Springtime spectacle with GREAT COMPANY OF DUTCH ARTISTS ESPECIALLY BROUGHT FROM HOLLAND and the Rockettes, Corps de Ballet and Symphony Orchestra.

"A REMARKABLE WRITER CLOSE TO GENIUS!" —Richard Watts Jr., Post
JEAN GENET'S THE BALCONY
Directed by JOSÉ QUINTERO
Mail and Phone Orders Filled. Tues., Wed., Thurs., Sun. 8:40 & Sun. Mat. 2:40: $3.00, $4.00. Fri. 8:40 & Sat. 7:00 & 10:30: $3.50, $4.50.
CIRCLE in the SQUARE, 159 Bleeker St., GR 3-4590

"For the Young of all Ages"
27th Year
AROUND THE WORLD
Steamer from $1398 by Air from $1898
30-80 days 105 Departures 11 itineraries. Group or independent. Fully inclusive.
EUROPE 24-80 Days from $688
ORIENT 18-63 Days from $998
AFRICA 25-67 Days fr. $1794
So.PACIFIC 30-63 Days fr. $1398
HOLY LAND 25-40 Days fr. $1286
So.AMER. 14-72 Days from $889
HAWAII 9-44 Days from $298
MEXICO 9-18 Days from $269
"No Greater Value Anywhere"
State folders desired.
STUDENT TOURS: Low-cost Adventure and Study Trips to "Everywhere". 66 Day European trips incl. steamer from $798.
Ask Your Travel Agent
SITA WORLD TRAVEL
RANCHO MIRAGE, Dept. R, California

PRODUCED BY SIVIZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Creative Act of Collecting Art

THE MAKING of a memorable art collection can in itself be a creative work of art. To buy only the eminent names is not difficult (if funds are available), but to select the most distinguished and sometimes atypical examples by these same names well before their acceptance by the public is quite another matter. Two such modern collections, entirely different in content, are now or are about to be on view in New York, one almost in its entirety, the other in a sparse but provocative sampling.

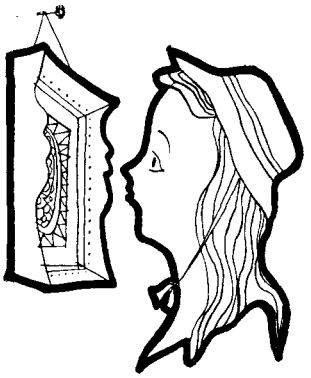
At Knoedler's next week Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Colin will show 132 paintings and sculpture assembled by them during the last twenty-odd years with ardor and dedicated conviction. At the Whitney Museum another New York collector, Ben Heller, has lent four contemporary works to a group exhibition called "Business Buys American Art." But one must not imagine that young Mr. Heller limits himself only to art for the textile concern he heads. His home, like that of Mr. Colin, is filled with an extraordinary group of paintings and sculpture selected with a knowing eye and a courageous heart. There the resemblance between the two collections ends, though in neither case is the result a cross section, a compendium, or a history of recent art movements. Each is a deliberately personal record of independent and perceptive feelings.

At the Colin home good antique furniture provides a setting for cubist works by Picasso, Braque and Juan Gris, for intimate canvases by Vuillard, Soutine, Matisse and Miró, for sculpture by Lipchitz, Arp, Despiau and many others. In these urbane surroundings, works only recently considered aggressively experimental now seem curiously like old masters, especially when compared with the Heller collection. Here huge avant-garde American paintings by such artists from the New York school as Jackson Pollock, Mark Rothko, Franz Kline, Barnett Newman, and Philip Guston mingle happily with Mies van der Rohe furniture and with excellent primitive and early classical sculpture.

Says Mr. Heller, "Anyone who likes only one period in art is cheating himself. The tragedy of the American buying public is that it thinks painting didn't exist before 1860. I love the old masters but I can't afford top ones. In the areas where I am buying, I can still get the best. For example, one can find superb old sculpture for less than most paintings or even drawings cost. Why? Because it is not always fashionable." This last with a wave of his hand toward an enigmatic, small Cycladic figure strangely at home in a room dominated by three of Jackson Pollock's most exuberant compositions.

Mr. Colin, in a 304-page catalogue meticulously prepared by him in free time snatched from his life as an attorney, says, "We bought only what my wife and I both liked. When we had the funds we acquired what was then available." But he points out that this method is sometimes limiting. "My wife liked Klee. I didn't until much later when it was almost impossible to buy his work at reasonable prices. We differ like mad on the contemporary Americans. Here my wife again is a warm admirer." In discussing the old masters he explained, "We don't know much about them. One can't specialize in everything. We have not bought historically or scientifically. We are not a museum—nor do we have the obligations of an institution."

Mr. Heller confesses that at the start of his brief eleven years of collecting he bought paintings by well-known artists from the School of Paris, but now only contemporary Americans are represented on his walls. "We sold every dead artist to pay for the living. I buy contemporary Americans because they move me the most. I'm interested in highly contemporary work because one has a responsibility to one's own time. My big regret is not having anything by Giacometti. I feel his is the only really valid figurative image in art today."



In contrast Mr. Colin says, "We still have everything we originally bought except a Soutine which we traded for a more important work by the same artist. In the early days almost the only deliberate choice we made was to buy Europeans because we were more drawn to their work. We're still buying Europeans—Riopelle, Dubuffet, Soulages. But my wife feels it's time to move on to the Americans."

Both men have spent substantial hours studying and reading. As inveterate museum visitors, they do not limit their looking at any one period in art. When Ben Heller speaks of Goya or the early Flemish painters he sounds like a passionate poet, just as he does when describing his two great modern loves—Pollock and Rothko. The Colins, on the other hand, consider cubism the most important art movement of the present century. They compare their fine group of early cubist works to music by Bach, pointing out that the same purity, order, and architectural structure are revealed in both. But they have abstained from surrealism, finding it "too literary, almost like program music."

BOTH men agree that collecting has had a great impact. Indeed, Mr. Heller goes so far as to claim that "to a degree I'm imprisoned by our paintings. When we bought the huge Pollock called 'One,' it actually changed our lives—by its very presence, by its great dimensions. It was too large to hang; we literally had to remodel our home. The works of art are a whole involvement for me. From them I've learned about creativity in my own work. I've learned to respect the unknown, to be open to intuition."

If the Hellers are imprisoned by the scale of their works, it is numbers which affect the Colins. Their closets are neatly stacked with a large overflow of paintings. "We are constantly taking them down and putting them up in order to see them with new eyes," says Mrs. Colin.

Though two modern collections could scarcely be more opposed in content, they are closely related in spirit, for in both cases knowledge and courageous personal taste have dictated significant concentrations of works where not one routine object debases the cumulative meaning. —KATHARINE KUH.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In Words and Masterworks, a Picturesque World

1. World Book Tours

By FAUBION BOWERS, *a writer of travel books and articles.*

UNTIL I had read the first section of Hammond Innes's "**Harvest of Journeys**" (Knopf, $5) and all of Allan Bosworth's "**The Lovely World of Richi-san**" (Harper, $3.95) I had almost decided that there was an instinct which tended to keep the human being abreast, make him contemporary of his time, up to date. Now I'm not so sure. I have an old-fashioned feeling that nothing has ever happened; we are back a couple of intellectual decades.

I do not want to be misleading. Both books are charmingly and often brilliantly written; the typewriter turns into a camera and the words snapshots; the observations are adequately accurate and truthful, and certainly they are products of abundantly warm and intelligent men. But they, and perhaps their authors too, belong to the era before we surrendered our innocence to something more valuable. By saying this I am recommending them to any number of readers. These are innocuous books; they touch no nerves; they banish no clichés from the mind, and if one's pleasures are simple, they will delight.

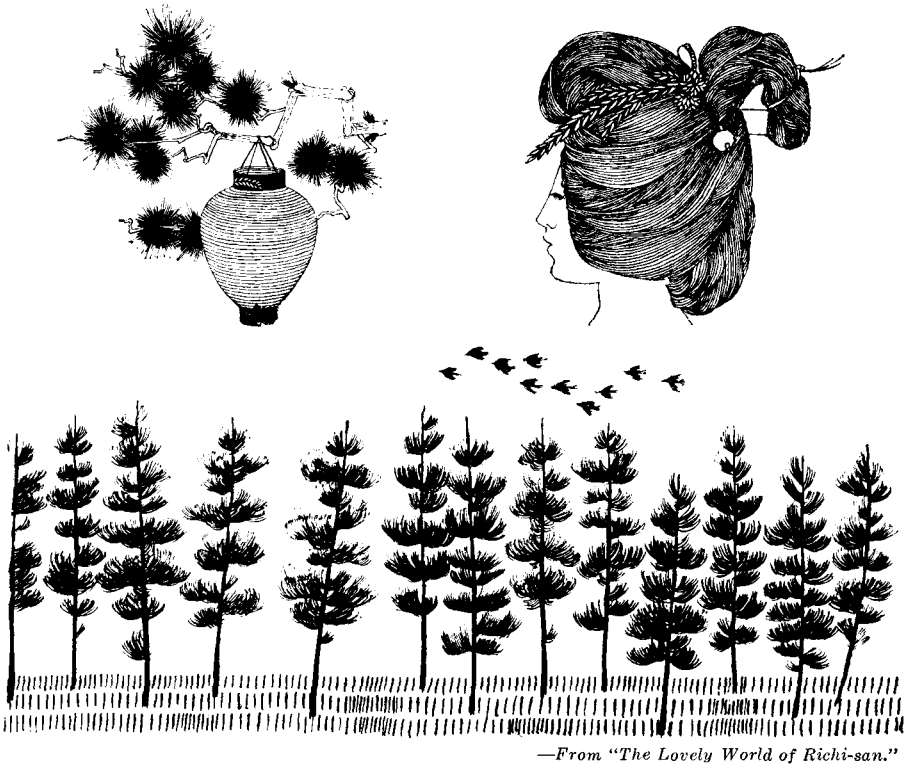
The first and, unfortunately, most potboiling section of "Harvest of Journeys" deals with Arabia and the Persian Gulf. Its tone is one of "ragged turbans," "mahogany skin" or "jet black" if of slave ancestry, "old-Etonian pilots," deserts where "water is above rubies," and natives who say, "This is not my house now. Your house. All I have is yours so long as you wish to stay." Here we are in the world of the "tall, fair-haired Scot who loved the desert and whose affection for the Bedou was matched by their affection for him." These are the "élite of colonial powers, the men who make colonialism work and justify it as a stage in the development of backward territories." It is they, for example, who refer to the Qaim (no less) of the Wahidi tribe "in affectionate tones as 'that bloody Bedou.'"

Mr. Innes and his editors are not afraid of repetition. The young Arabs around leading native figures are "of quite feminine beauty," "strangely beautiful, their hair cut in a girlish bob," "suggestive of effeminacy," and equally often this is contradicted. As soon as they move, "the muscles underneath the flowing robes" seem "chunky," "hard-sinewed," or, "there was no doubting their manhood as they swaggered. . . ."

AS you read on, the world seems sunset again, peopled with the lengthening shadows of Lawrence, Du Chaillu, and Halliburton. How arresting it is to read that so-and-so is a "stocky, leathery-faced, hard-sinewed Englishman . . . he had given his life to the East. He was a bachelor and he treated these wild little men as his children and they loved it." But nowadays somehow that isn't enough. Even a travel book has to project an idea, hazard an interpretation, suggest a why or what, imply a deeper awareness and express something of the vast experience and understanding the world has provided us since mahogany natives and hard-sinewed "White Fathers" turned from flesh and blood to cardboard.

THE other sections of Mr. Innes's book, dealing with Europe, Canada, the sea, and whaling, are excellent. When the author gets down to the *Holiday* magazine style of travel article—general essays giving the taste, smell, feel, look, and mood of an area—he provides some splendid reading, speckled with delicious tidbits of information. Here are some: On the Soviet and Norwegian border it is forbidden to make rude faces; servants in Norway used to stipulate that they be given salmon "not more than five days a week"; even now we do not know how long a whale lives, nor exactly how they migrate; to catch them, grenades are exploded inside their blubber.

"The Lovely World of Richi-san" is an unmitigated example of good writing housing rather simple-minded content. During a routine tour of duty at



—From "The Lovely World of Richi-san."

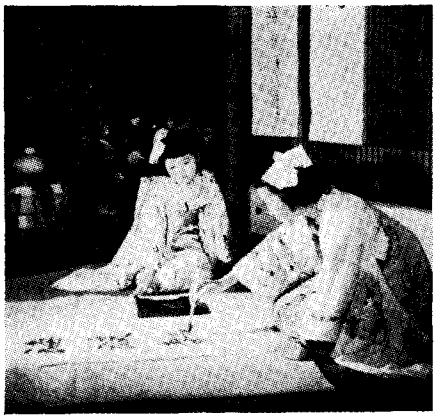
Folklore of the forty-seven lordless knights of feudal Japan.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the end of the Occupation of Japan, Mr. Bosworth, a public relations officer of the U.S. Navy, spends six years developing an intimate and adoring friendship with Richi-san, a Japanese woman who looks like a sister to her daughter, and her Gilbert-and-Sullivan-size family of cousins, aunts, uncles, grandfathers, and grandmothers. Their behavior, too, isn't far removed from "The Mikado" or other comic operettas. Together they steal a dog, they climb Mt. Fuji, they visit a festival, they go to the Kabuki, they placate ghosts, they build a house, and they come in second in a speed-car race. In between, Mr. Bosworth skilfully retells Japanese folktales, and one long section is devoted to a fine condensation of the great and moving story of the forty-seven lordless knights of feudal Japan.

The author is at all times on the right side, and so kind and good and sweet, in fact, as to make criticism painful. He loves the Japanese ("they are a people to be pitied and helped"); they, at least Richi-san's family, love him (he is "papa-san"), they can "get drunk on beauty alone," the food is delicious, and the heroine has "that charming little Oriental shrug of her shoulders." I should like to approve Mr. Bosworth's high-minded good nature, but the sentimentality it embeds is cloying. When Jesus Christ is praised as being of "veree good heart, papa-san," Bosworth glosses, "And surely the Saviour was never paid a greater tribute." Bosworth ghosts a farewell speech for "a tough and rugged-looking admiral who was leaving Japan," concluding it with the word *sayonara*: "When he [the admiral] reached that line, his glasses misted over, his voice broke, and he had to grope his way to his seat."

Despite Mr. Bosworth's capitulation to the Japanese, he does not forget that he is an American. "The slap-slap of lanyards on a tall pole where the American flag is flying in the wind . . . There is no other sound like this one, and it sustains you when you sit safe and secure at an administrative desk . . . so long as the Flag ripples high in the wind, even though it be an alien wind, all is well . . . When and if Red China ever overtakes Japan [industrially and technologically] . . . then —if China is still Red—may God help us all. . . ."



—*From "The Bridge of the Brocade Sash."*

The first writing lesson.

Both Innes's and Bosworth's books are undermined by the language problem. Mr. Innes, naturally enough, walks through a jungle of verbal incomprehension, except in the European and North American areas where they all speak some English. In the remote parts of the world, if the interpreter is good, the natives say good things; if he is poor, they sound suspect. But, except for studding his book with foreign words and phrases, Mr. Innes wisely makes little of language. With Bosworth an entire book is predicated on its vagaries. The most pedestrian and banal thoughts are continuously garnished with quaint pronunciations, twisted word placements, and linguistic incongruities.

In contrast with these two books, **"The Bridge of the Brocade Sash,"** by the distinguished English writer Sacheverell Sitwell (World, $8.50), is extremely learned. Mr. Sitwell spent only two months in Japan and knows nothing of the language, but he has a cultivated mind, a connoisseur's eye, and a civilized style for interpreting what he saw. He went to Japan for the first time, at the age of sixty-two, to write about the country's art, its buildings, its gardens, its masterworks of painting. But he took with him a lifetime of experience, a storehouse of knowledge that embraces the arts of almost every other civilized country of the world. The result is a delightfully wise book which views Japan in a Western perspective. Hokusai's "Great Wave" print recalls Debussy's "La Mer." The absence of outward signs of religion in Tokyo leads him to say, "By comparison, Chicago is a Rome of religious shrines." And it is a joy, when reading of Japan, to be referred constantly to Sienna, Donizetti, Gershwin, "Alice in Wonderland," and hundreds of other specifically Occidental touchstones.

Mr. Sitwell's enthusiasm for almost all of Japan is boundless and should be reassuring to those who have less experience in the world as a whole and whose comparisons are more limited. "The Bridge of the Brocade Sash" is a remarkable travel book: unpretentious, easy to read, and informative. It is not often than men quite this intelligent go to places quite as far off as Japan, and write about them with such cultivation.

2. *Museums in Print*

By ALFRED WERNER, *a contributing editor of Arts Magazine.*

ANDRE MALRAUX extolled the color reproductions of our age for permitting the art lover to view comfortably an immeasurably larger number of masterworks of different ages and climates than even the most ardent and affluent enthusiast could hope to see in museums all over the world. Among new "museums without walls" are the handsome volumes of the Art of the World series (McGraw-Hill, $7.95 each), ushered in with **"India,"** by Hermann Goetz, and **"Indonesia,"** by Frits A. Wagner. Both books cover their subject from remote antiquity to our own era, and both endeavor to sketch the cultural backgrounds out of which so much celebrated art emerged. Goetz does away with the traditional simplification that Indian art is exclusively mystical and religious, and while he admits that, due to invasions by foreign conquerors, there have been at least five successive types of Indian art, he insists upon a fundamental unity of Indian art notwithstanding all obvious differences, expressive of different ideals. Among moderns, he mentions the Nobel Prize-winner Tagore, who, though primarily a poet, also left very personal pen drawings reminiscent of Redon. Wagner deals with the art and architecture that flourished on the Malay archipelago, which was deeply indebted to influence from the Asian mainland, especially India. In addition to large objects, jars, sacrificial vessels, swords, dishes, and samples of batik work are shown in good color photos. The author deplores the present cultural impoverishment of the area due to the disappearance of the traditional popular arts, but finds solace in the arrival of several modernists, among them the expressionist painter Affandi.

"The Art of India," by Louis Frederic, with an introduction by Jean Naudou (Abrams, $17.50), is much larger in format, and has more illustrations. These are black-and-white photographs, as well as explanatory drawings scattered throughout the text, with emphasis on statuary, temples, and mosques. The story ends with the Moghul emperors, who were great builders but not strong enough to prevent the subjugation of the country by foreign conquerors. There are perceptive remarks on the philosophy behind the finest of Indian creations. To give an example: "Contrary to the Greek concept in which the deity was an ideal human being who must be shown

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—*From "Art of the World: Indonesia."*

A Balinese wood sculpture.

—*From "Sculpture in Japan."*

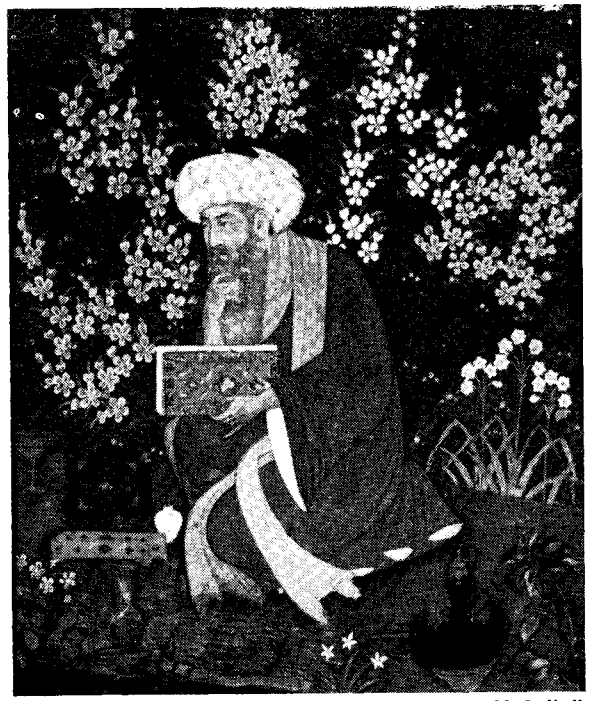
Seventeenth-century Rakan figure in wood.

—*From "Turkey."*

Mosaic pavements in Palace of Justinian.

—*From "Greece."*

Byzantine mosaic.



—*From "Art of the World: India."*

Mughal miniature of a Muslim poet-scholar.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

physically superior and perfect, muscle is disregarded in the Indian representation of the human body. All that counts is the thoughts, the intentions and the state of mind of the person depicted."

Popularly, Japan is still known to most of us mainly for her woodblock prints; hence "**Sculpture of Japan,**" by William Watson (Studio-Viking, $15), is most welcome, as it introduces us to some little-known, yet magnificent works of art, especially the Buddhist bronzes, which are refined in technique and sensitive in rendering spiritual qualities. A dreamy, unearthly expression pervades the features of the Bodhisattvas, whereas the statues of priests, warriors, and noblemen are quite naturalistic. The grotesque enters with weird masks worn by dancers and actors. Unfortunately, the high standards of sculpture declined after 1500, when most of the work became uninspired and repetitive.

From southeastern and eastern Asia we now turn to a civilization that developed in countries bordering the eastern Mediterranean, namely, the culture of Byzantium. Intent upon making a contribution to the UNESCO World Art Series, Greece selected a phase from her post-pagan history rather than show, for the millionth time, samples of her world-famous classic sculpture and architecture. In "**Greece: Byzantine Mosaics,**" with texts by André Grabar and Manolis Chatzidakis (New York Graphic Society, $18), we are taken to the Middle Ages to view remnants of large murals (made of small cubes of multicolored glass) on the walls of churches within what is now Greece. Especially rich in such murals was the northern Greek city of Thessaloniki (better known as Salonika). After the country's conquest by the Turks many of these Christian masterworks were covered by paint or plaster and thus, fortunately for us, protected from weather and other iniquities.

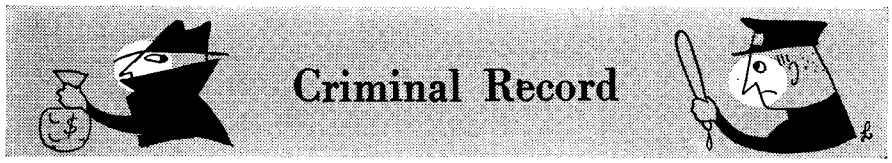
THE folio-size volume contains mostly details of these remarkably well-preserved and strongly glowing pictures, illustrating scenes from the life of Christ, or giving idealized portraits of saints and donors. The reproductions capture extremely well the serene grandeur, the nobility of pose and meditative sadness of these pictures, in which hot and cool colors vie against the invariable background of blazing gold.

Turkey and Russia received great spiritual and artistic stimuli from Byzantium, which for centuries dominated these territories either militarily or spiritually. "**Turkey,**" with photographs by Yan and texts by Lord Kinross and Robert Mantran (Studio-Viking, $14), is, of course, not confined to this phase of history. Yet some of the most glorious of these black-and-white photographs show the dome and mosaics of Hagia Sophia, built and rebuilt by several Christian Byzantine emperors until it was transformed into a mosque by the Turks. There are also pictures of castles constructed by the sultans on either side of the Bosporus, of Hittite and Graeco-Roman antiquities, of the ancient citadel of Ankara, and of Seljuk architecture. Everyday life is introduced in snapshots of women (veiled or modern), public scribes, wrestlers, and merry-makers at festivals.

To many people unaware that the word also stands for one of the greatest storehouses of art, "Kremlin" automatically carries with it the image of the Communist leaders. In "**The Kremlin**" (New York Graphic Society, $25), photographer David Douglas Duncan shows us the agglomeration of palaces, churches, towers, battlements, and ramparts that has occupied a hill above Moscow for several centuries. Here in dramatic and sometimes too dramatic color we see overwhelming samples of old Russia's polychrome, ornamented architecture with its bulbous cupolas, sheathed in silver and gold. Within some of these buildings there are early icons and frescoes (certain of the latter have only recently been rediscovered under many layers of plaster) as well as a variety of lavishly decorated objects acquired by the House of Romanoff: jewelry, wedding gowns, silver trays, gold crowns, prayer books, swords, daggers, chandeliers, carriages, and what not.

While much of the splendor can be traced to the once-dominant Greek Orthodox religion and the country's unmitigated feudalism, quite a few objects are of foreign origin, being either ambassadorial presents or the work of imported artists and craftsmen. In sharp contrast to the extravagant ornamentation of the Romanoff era, the rooms where the Soviets meet are of a bleak austerity.

The appendix consists of useful scholarly notes on all of the sites and objects, far superior in style to the overwritten short chapters, which, in lurid prose, try to capture the essence of Russian history and lore from the twentieth century to the present day.



MISS BONES. *By Joan Fleming. Washburn.* $2.95. London art dealer's disappearance arouses neighbors' curiosity; police scour countryside, and missing man's aide plays eye. Only so-so.

TRIAL BY SLANDER. *By Travis Macrae. Rinehart.* $2.95. Suburban widow in jam as gentleman friend is made defendant in murder case; arrows (real ones) are discharged. Census is heavy; emotion abounds.

THIS WON'T HURT YOU. *Nigel FitzGerald. Macmillan.* $2.95. Wrong injection throws London dental office into wild confusion; nice Supt. Laud of C.I.D. restores order and nabs killer. Extra-choice number, with A-1 comedy.

SCANDAL AT HIGH CHIMNEYS. *By John Dickson Carr. Harper.* $3.50. Clive Strickland, London solicitor, looks into affairs of well-heeled family, but becomes ace suspect when chief of clan is bumped. Will be most admired for its skilful use of Victorian atmosphere (there are even "Notes for the Curious").

KNAVES AND FOOLS. *By Neville Williams. Macmillan.* $3.75. Thirty-two true tales, largely involving crime, make up this English historical miscellany (period: XIII-IX centuries). Good selection, but many yarns suffer from overcompactness.

A BOOK FOR BANNING. *By Nat Easton. Roy.* $2.75. Bill Banning, British eye (and part-time novelist), seeks missing code-book for client who is being blackmailed. Good spoofery, with murder sauce.

CONSTABLES DON'T COUNT. *By Alex Fraser. Roy.* $2.75. English village bobby (Cambridge grad) goes places when murder disrupts rural calm (watch that spinney!); love finds a way. Highly agreeable and not too noisy.

ONE WAY OUT. *By George Harmon Coxe. Knopf.* $3.50. Yank newshawk, returning from Latin American assignment, runs into intrigues, snatches, and sudden death in New Orleans. Fine professional touch, as always, with rousing action. —SERGEANT CUFF.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Variety of New Books for Summer Vacationers

EACH SPRING brings the promise of countless new books. From the hundreds of offerings that will appear in bookstores within the next two months, *SR* has selected thirty titles, which are certain to sustain readers through the summer's publishing doldrums.

FICTION

THE AFFAIR. *By C. P. Snow. Scribners.* This impressive addition to Sir Charles's already formidable Strangers and Brothers series involves Lewis Eliot in a matter of alleged scientific fraud.

THE ARDENT YEARS. *By Janet Stevenson. Viking.* A fictionalized biography of Fanny Kemble, who was not only one of the nineteenth century's most celebrated actresses, but also a staunch fighter for women's rights.

THE DINNER PARTY. *By Claude Mauriac. Braziller.* Beneath the placid surface of polite table talk runs a current of unspoken thoughts, which reveal the hidden selves of the eight selected *invitees.*

EVIDENCE OF LOVE. *By Dan Jacobson. Little, Brown.* This first novel by the young South African short-story writer tells a timely tale of love that transcends the boundaries of racial differences.

THE LEOPARD. *By Giuseppe di Lampedusa. Pantheon.* Nineteenth-century Sicily is the setting for this historical novel of the emergence of Garibaldi and the decline of Italy's aristocracy.

THE PARTY AT CRANTON. *By John W. Aldridge. McKay.* In his first novel literary critic Aldridge shoots some barbs at conformity-conscious Americans, stuffy intellectuals, and cultural go-getters.

SOUTH OF THE ANGELS. *By Jessamyn West. Harcourt, Brace.* "The Tract," a settlement in southern California, brings Quakers and Mexicans together in love and hate.

VENETIAN RED. *By P. M. Pasinetti. Random House.* The lives of two families, one aristocratic, the other politically potent, become interwoven in this grand-scale novel set in most of prewar Europe's great cities.

THE VENUS OF KONPARA. *By John Masters. Harper.* An archeological expedition to India in the 1890s brings together six people in search of a statue.

THE VIEW FROM THE FORTIETH FLOOR. *By Theodore H. White. Morrow.* A vivid, if frequently chilling picture of Manhattan's magazine world and of a vigorous executive called in to administer adrenalin to two dying publications.

NONFICTION

AMERICA CHALLENGED. *By William O. Douglas. Princeton.* These Walter E. Edge lectures, which Justice Douglas recently delivered at Princeton, are lively, thoughtful discussions of American responsibility in world leadership.

AMERICAN COMMUNISM AND SOVIET RUSSIA. *By Theodore Draper. Viking.* The author of "The Roots of American Communism" traces the growth of the Party in the United States from 1923, when it emerged from undercover, through its decades of expansion.

ASK ME ANYTHING: OUR ADVENTURES WITH KHRUSHCHEV. *By William Randolph Hearst, Jr., Frank Conniff, Bob Considine. McGraw-Hill.* A trio of the Hearst newspapers' top correspondents report on their interviews with the Premier and his team during five crucial years, 1955-1959.

COPEY OF HARVARD. *By J. Donald Adams. Houghton Mifflin.* An openhanded, warmhearted tribute to the distinguished, even legendary professor, Charles Townsend Copeland.

DOCTOR SCHWEITZER OF LAMBARENE. *By Norman Cousins. Harper.* An appraisal of Dr. Schweitzer in his many roles as jungle doctor, philosopher, outspoken opponent of nuclear testing, by *SR*'s editor, whose book is based upon his visits to Lambarene. Photographs by Clara Urquhart.

THE GLORIOUS FAULT. *By Leonard Mosely. Viking.* This biography of Lord Curzon, Viceroy of India, connoisseur of England's finest art and women, recreates British Imperialism in its heyday.

IN DEFENSE OF IGNORANCE. *By Karl Shapiro. Random House.* Essays by a well-known American poet and critic in which he bewails obscurity in modern verse and questions the laurels heaped on the heads of Yeats, Pound, and Eliot.

THE LADY PERSUADERS. *By Helen Woodward. McDowell, Obolensky.* An enlightening social history which traces the progress and influence of the women's magazines from Godey's *Lady's Book* to today's numerous slick publications.

THE LETTERS OF HERMAN MELVILLE. *Edited by Merrell Davis and William H. Gilman. Yale.* This collected edition of the available Melville correspondence is an important addition to American literary scholarship.

MAX. *By S. N. Behrman. Random House.* Behrman, who knew Beerbohm during his last years, has drawn an affectionate portrait of the Englishman who came to personify the Edwardian Era.

THE MIND OF GERMANY. *By Hans Kohn. Scribners.* An intellectual and political history of Germany during the past two centuries.

MR. CITIZEN. *By Harry S. Truman. Bernard Geis.* Old Presidents don't fade away, according to HST's account of the eventful years since he moved from the White House.

THE NIGHT THEY BURNED THE MOUNTAIN. *By Dr. Thomas A. Dooley. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy.* More about the author's work in his hospital on the border between Laos and Red China and of his discovery that his own illness is cancer.

NUCLEAR POLICY FOR WAR AND PEACE. *By Thomas E. Murray. World.* The author, who served on the Atomic Energy Commission from 1950-1957, offers a lucid and constructive plan for world disarmament and some information about the dour consequences if we continue with the arms race.

REFLECTIONS OF AN ANGRY MIDDLE-AGED EDITOR. *By James A. Wechsler. Random House.* The *New York Post*'s editor speaks his mind on a variety of timely topics, ranging from the beatniks to the bomb.

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE THIRD REICH. *By William Shirer. Simon & Schuster.* The foremost correspondent in Berlin during the Thirties recalls events of that decade in the light of present-day information.

A ROMAN CATHOLIC IN THE WHITE HOUSE. *By James A. Pike. Doubleday.* The author, the Episcopal Bishop of California, raises such controversial topics as birth control, U.S. representation at the Vatican, aid to parochial schools and discusses as well the more philosophical aspects of the church-state relationship.

1600 PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE. *By Walter Johnson. Little, Brown.* The reshaping of the American Presidency in the past three decades is studied with particular reference to the four men who lived in the White House during that time.

MARK TWAIN-HOWELLS LETTERS. *Edited by Henry Nash Smith and William M. Gibson. Belknap Press-Harvard.* A great literary friendship, preserved in the hundreds of letters exchanged from 1869 to 1910, casts light on the entire tradition of nineteenth-century American writing.

THE WAR MEMOIRS OF CHARLES DE GAULLE: SALVATION 1944-1946. Simon & Schuster. This final volume of reminiscences tells of the glories of France's liberation to the moment when de Gaulle stepped down as postwar Premier.

THOMAS WOLFE. *By Elizabeth Nowell. Doubleday.* This attempt by Wolfe's friend and literary agent to separate the fiction of his novels from the facts of his life results in an immensely readable, if not particularly flattering portrait of the artist.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

USSR

Continued from page 33

ing Communist, something that Mr. Crankshaw does not concede, or at least considers unnecessary to emphasize.

A growing body of Soviet young people today are shaking off the blinders and navigational aids of Communism and have indeed adopted a materialism and pragmatism uncannily like that of many young Americans. But anyone who lumps Nikita and his colleagues or even Andrei Gromyko and his contemporaries in the same category is, I believe, dangerously deluding himself.

I cannot but recommend, in concluding this review, that serious students of Soviet affairs would do well to follow their perusal of these latest works of Messrs. Salisbury and Crankshaw by reading the excellent study of "The U.S.S.R. and Eastern Europe" prepared by a Columbia-Harvard research group for the Committee on Foreign Relations of the United States Senate and published in February of this year by the Government Printing Office. This sober and succinct appraisal is the best thing of its kind I have seen since Stalin's death and interprets Soviet policy in the context of the Communist convictions of the country's leaders.

FETTERED FINN: On 21 April 1945, along with eighteen other Finnish citizens and stateless residents in Finland, Unto Parvilahti was deported to the Soviet Union. It was a decade before he was able to return to his own country. Neither Mr. Parvilahti nor any of his fellow victims could be, or indeed ever was, accused of a war crime. But they had been placed on a list of "counter revolutionaries" by the then Minister of the Interior, Yrjö Leino, a Communist.

Leino was presumably serving his Communist masters, the NKVD, by throwing persons whose antipathy to the prospect of Soviet rule in Finland was known or suspected. Soviet prison, concentration camp, and exile were to be Mr. Parvilahti's fate. Of the other eighteen, from whom he was separated all the time, one was executed, five died in Soviet prisons or camps, two disappeared without trace, and the remaining ten eventually returned to Finland.

"Beria's Gardens: A Slave Laborer's Experience in the Soviet Utopia" (translated by Alan Blair; Dutton, $5) is the story of those ten long, hard years. The literature of experiences in Soviet concentration camps is already immense. With various degrees of skill,

Unto Parvilahti—end of long line which has included some real masterpieces.

accuracy, and honesty many of the victims of Nazi and Communist totalitarian inhumanity who have survived have reported their tribulations. We have probably learned more about the real nature of life in the Soviet Union from these many stories than from all official propaganda put together. But Mr. Parvilahti's tale comes at the end of a long line of accounts which have included some real masterpieces in the new literature of the concentration camp. And although he writes with evident sincerity, and is not to be blamed if Nature has not endowed him with superior gifts as an author, he tells us little that is new.

Mr. Parvilahti served his administrative "sentence" of five years in a forced labor camp in the remote Mordvin Republic. However, his hope of returning to Finland at the end of the five years was unfulfilled, and he was compelled to endure a further five years in exile as a "free laborer" in Siberia. His description of life in this comparative freedom is somewhat more revealing than his story of camp life. In particular, his last year of exile witnessed the death of Stalin, and the first cautious, faltering steps towards some kind of a more normal and bearable life. But Mr. Parvilahti left too early to observe more than the initial signs. Understandably enough, he has little sympathy with the Communist regime or with the type of person it has produced. It would be strange after his experiences if he felt otherwise. However, hatred and resentment, which tend to obtrude from time to time, also tend to mar the value of many of his judgments.

—Leonard Schapiro.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Yes. 2. No. Buchanan was a bachelor and anyway he died eight years before "Tom Sawyer" was published. 3. No. Poe died the year before the book was published. 4. "Mrs. Wiggs," yes; "Penrod," no. 5. Yes. 6. No. 7. No, not unless he could read before he was a year old. 8. Yes. All were born the same year. 9. No. The state of West Virginia did not then exist. 10. Yes.

Editorial

Continued from page 34

local school board (of which he is never a member), religious pressures, and the reading ability of his clientele. For example, since only in a few large communities does any significant section of the population read anything but books in English, it is virtually impossible through the facilities of the ordinary American library to keep up with developments in even a few leading foreign literatures. Books on sex, biology, birth control, atheism, comparative religion, and so on will be screened after one fashion in a heavily Catholic community, another fashion in a Mormon community, and so forth. "Radicalism" is always a problem; on the one hand it is so contagious that its mere presence on the shelves corrupts the hereditary political and economic views of our children; on the other hand the duty of the public library is to serve as a storehouse for high-school debaters, the great books seminars, and the monthly meetings of the local chapter of the Foreign Policy Association. The issue is commonly naïve; that Emerson may be more upsetting than a Marxist quarterly or Kierkegaard more dangerous than the author of the "Mistakes of Moses" is a problem outside the tensions among which librarians have to operate.

The librarian's chief purchases lie in the realm of "good books." "Good books" do not include avant-garde writing, experimental poetry, most literary criticism, scholarly books, serious history, or most philosophy, albeit popularized accounts of "great thinkers" and cheerful manuals on the power of positive thinking or some like topic may be bought. Most public libraries make a dreary distinction between "literature" and "fiction." "Fiction" is what the largest single component among the patrons is likely to want, and the answer to the question "Have you read any good books lately?" is commonly a title or two from recent novels. Libraries have therefore on the whole innocently deepened and widened the gulf between that minority of the population which cares passionately for the art of literature, and the undifferentiated mass of readers, commonly middle-class or accepting middle-class standards, to whom reading is no more than respectable entertainment.

All this does not mean that the public library—even a small public library—may not be, in an honorable sense, a dangerous institution. Any librarian is glad to strike fire, to nourish in some reader the seed of learning, to help the cultural maturation of the community. The librarian is compelled to believe

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that any reading is better than no reading. To this end librarians strive to transform the old-fashioned library building, so like a morgue haunted by damp strangers, into something bright and attractive. Since it is un-American not to love children, the juvenile department has often been the room in which cheerfulness begins.

We are not, however, a book-reading nation. I think the public librarians might be more successful in their campaign to hold the line on reading if their professional training included more excitement about the insides of books and less technological lore about what to do with the book as an object in space. A librarian too often resembles a headwaiter showing one to a table in a large restaurant and too little resembles an artist having profound and passionate views of life, death, and immortality. But this is to make impossible (though justified) demands.

Meantime the Americans get better libraries and more devoted librarians than they essentially deserve; and if all the libraries were to disappear tomorrow, we would suddenly discover in town and country that we were missing the services of one who, in Balzac's phrase, is the secretary of society. The public librarian is an archivist. The books he buys, keeps, destroys, or renovates are, like the clay tablets of Babylonia or the Dead Sea Scrolls, the minutes, however imperfect, of what to us is civilization. Civilizations have never paid much to their recorders; and it may be the painful glory of the public librarian to be and to remain virtually anonymous. Possibly he is right in thinking that his job is faceless social engineering. The trouble with this conception of the public librarian is that it denies him the publicity build-up of the politician and the glamour of either authorship or the television show.

—Howard Mumford Jones.

Fiction

Continued from page 32

novel, in its way, and not very pleasant. The story deals with the rejection, by a family of intellectuals, the Alexanders, of their inferiors, the Mooneys. "You are not good enough," they say; and it is their inability, not merely their unwillingness to accept others, that gives Miss Aikman's characters a sense of being rooted in the dilemma of many educated people—the feeling that their own painfully unrealized ambitions are somehow mocked by the smashing know-how, the empiricism of the extrovert.

Esther Alexander bears the brunt of the story, as she also bears the brunt of her husband's "frustrated integrity" and her adolescent son's moody ways. In fact, all the family is given to depression and self-pity. They are puritans without knowing it, bound to the compulsions of neurotic integrity. Brash, businesslike, and untroubled by this brand of conscience, the Mooneys intrude when they tie up their yacht at a pier near the Alexander's house and make themselves at home on the beach. They must be cast out, of course, if the Alexanders are to maintain their prospective illusions, and it is the casting out, chiefly by Esther, that makes the story.

But not before the Mooney children have ingratiated themselves with young Tony Alexander and his friend, Bones. As a counterpoint to Esther, these teenagers judge the world by the sunny realities of the beach, happy, uncorrupted—and doomed by a gulf that will never be crossed. Their small talk is somehow big, just as "The Others" itself says a great deal more than one expects it to. It is a mature, witty, and convincing novel that is thoroughly enjoyable to read. —David Dempsey.

Ivory Tower

By Jeannette Nichols

in a town
where
the academician
wearing rubbers
and carrying a
mushroom umbrella
forgets
that doors
and ladies
are for opening,
the ladies
grow nearsighted,
the hinges rust,
and the rain
merely
cooperates.

ADLAI
Stevenson
takes a piercing look at the world scene, and at America's dangerous lack of direction in it.

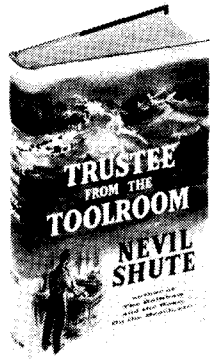
PUTTING FIRST THINGS FIRST

The recent major papers and speeches of Adlai Stevenson, including his highly controversial *Foreign Affairs* article, *$3.00* clothbound; *$1.50* paperbound
Now at your bookstore
RANDOM HOUSE

The story of an extraordinary and delightful journey . . .

TRUSTEE FROM THE TOOLROOM

NEVIL SHUTE



The charming odyssey of a decidedly unworldly man who sets off for the South Pacific in search of his niece's legacy.

Edmund Fuller: "A fable . . . a happy story in which virtues are handsomely rewarded, in which one form or another of magic carpet transports the hero where he must go."—*The Saturday Review*

At all bookstores, $3.95

MORROW

What makes a man murder?

One of the country's leading psychiatrists analyzes the case histories of a group of murderers — sadistic, schizophrenic, homosexual, drunken and "normal" — and comes up with some intriguing observations on the relation between lawyers and psychiatrists in murder cases.

THE MIND OF THE MURDERER
By Manfred Guttmacher, M.D.
$4.50, now at your bookstore
Farrar, Straus & Cudahy

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Greenslet

Continued from page 23

istic twinkle, asked: "What was the menu?"

FG was not a Bostonian, his Boston bag and the cane that he always carried aslant to the contrary – and, despite affiliations and certain aptitudes, certainly not a Proper Bostonian. He was a native of Glens Falls, New York, for which he maintained a nostalgic sentiment, and a graduate of Wesleyan. He had taken his Ph.D. from Columbia, and was never greatly impressed by my mere M.A. from the latter institution. He began his literary life in New York as a free-lance writer and constant reviewer for *The Nation*. Yet he could have been at home only in Boston –and "when the suggestion came that I might shift allegiance and take a partnership in a good house in my native New York, I could not, I found, brook the idea of forsaking Park Street, the Common, and the half-day's drive to New England mountains and rivers. A greater temptation came when invited to Washington, to edit the new Dictionary of American Biography, to be, as I phrased it in my mind, the American Leslie Stephen. But Washington I distrusted as a place to live. A capital that was not a metropolis, lacking the functions of industry and commerce, it seemed rather like a man with lungs and throat, perhaps a brain, but nothing whatever below the belt. Bacon had said we should treat the faults of our country, as of our natural parents, by kindly leading, not by contestation and reproach. Perhaps that was true–of one's adopted city. I stayed put."

As the years passed, however, he was a frequent visitor to Washington, where, as in London, his interests were in the political as well as the literary scene, and his contacts and associations almost equally divided. In the manner of the expert angler, he kept casting over a ten-year period for an elusive Washingtonian who was skeptical not only of publishers but of himself as well. The final result was "The Education of Henry Adams," certainly one of the conspicuous achievements of his publishing career. FG was no stranger to Pennsylvania Avenue, and it is amusingly ironic that the first assignment he gave to Paul Brooks, a young editor straight out of Harvard, was the polishing of "Forty-two Years in the White House," by its major-domo, Irwin H. (Ike) Hoover. Paul Brooks is now not only the occupant of FG's well-worn chair, but also his successor as editor-in-chief.

When I first arrived in Boston, I thought it would be instructive to learn just how I was descended from Richard Warren of the *Mayflower* and of John Warren of the *Arbella* (whose descendants had intermarried). Accordingly, I betook myself to that attractive bywater, Charles River Square, to consult an ancient spinster of genealogical attainments who lived just across from FG, whose house once overlooked the gardens of Mrs. James T. Fields on adjacent Charles Street. Somewhat at a loss for words, I began by asking if she knew Mr. Greenslet: "Know him? Of course I do. (pause) Everybody knows Ferris. (pause) He's odd. (pause) But he's lovable." His many and varied friendships eloquently attested his lovableness. Brusque, pithy, often enigmatic, he had an uncanny instinct for seeing around the corners. He was not always tactful, but on occasion could be the personification of tact. Once I submitted a manuscript of my own, which did not measure up to Editorial's standards, and have reason to remember his manner of declining it. Summoning me to his office, he briefly passed the time of day, and then said: "When Henry Holt and Walter Hines Page wrote their masterworks, they offered them to publishing houses with which they were not professionally connected. I think you might be well advised to follow their example."

FG had a fine technique for ushering out of his office authors who had overstayed their welcome. He would often call me in, make the introduction, and explain that I was ready for some fresh publicity material. Arising from his chair, he would say: "Mr. Warren will now take you upstairs and give you a haircut and a shave."

IT WAS my good luck–or should I say intention?–that one of my European vacations coincided with a jaunt of FG's to London and Paris. He infinitely preferred the former; the Bank Holiday fishing was better, the literary and social temper more to his liking, and his French was never actually as fluent as he chose to think. So, it was through his eyes that I had my first glimpse of English publishing, publishers, agents, and authors. We stayed at his favorite retreat, Garland's Hotel, a Trollopean hostelry located in a cul-de-sac in Suffolk Street, behind the stage door of the Haymarket Theatre. I had a small third-floor back, while FG had a commodious mezzanine suite where, after a busy day which if possible included a postprandial nap, his daughter, Magdalena, would preside at the tea table. The great and the near-great would come for a cup or two, often to be followed by a Scotch and soda or a spot of Irish, in front of the fire. Afterwards, the three of us would pay a brief constitutional visit to the ducks and other waterfowl which alternated with the prams in St. James's Park.

Garland's was blitzed beyond recall during World War II, and the tea parties are now a nostalgic memory. FG was a confirmed Anglophile, the reasons for which were various–writers, friends, fishing haunts, and contact with those in high places–Bryce, Grey, Baldwin, Tweedsmuir, Nicolson, and more briefly Churchill. It was a happy and auspicious occasion when Houghton Mifflin had the opportunity of entertaining Sir Winston at a luncheon at Boston's Club of Odd Volumes, coincident with the publication of one of the volumes of his "Second World War." The U-shaped table was equipped with brandy and cigars, but from where I sat, the author, fresh from "austerity," cast a more concupiscent eye on the roast turkey. To be precise, there were actually four of the birds.

FG knew Britain possibly better during what he called the Old War than during World War II. He saw it after a series of crossings, with the continual threat of German submarines, and during a different kind of austerity. His Anglophilism, however, did not mean that he supported each and every political policy or attitude, or that he fell for all publishing offerings. Secondary British writing gave him a pain in the neck, and he often spoke his piece on the anemic and adjectivated reviewing that frequently passed for criticism. Tepid novels supported by laudatory reviews were hardly his cup of tea.

FG, with his lifetime aversion to late hours, and a capacity for boredom which would often descend like a curtain, enormously enjoyed what used to be called the small, intimate dinner party, regardless of the sex of the guests. Primarily a man's man, he was greatly attracted to the ladies–after all, there are authoresses as well as authors–and the compliment was generally returned. But the lady in question must have a flair, whether for poetry, for historical research, for bridge, or for repartee. It also helped if she had a shapely ankle, and I never remember him engaging a secretary or female assistant without one. He was one of the six original members of the annual Little, Brown-Houghton Mifflin dinners, at which the former's president, Alfred McIntyre, instigated the betting program which followed, with each firm pitting its potentials against the others. For many years, before these affairs grew and got out of hand, FG contributed his salty wit and profited by his uncanny gambler's instinct.

With "no warning, intention or spiritual preparation," FG contracted a lifelong alliance with Boston publishing in 1902, joining the staff of *The Atlan-*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tic Monthly, which was then issued by Houghton Mifflin Company under the editorship of Bliss Perry. Before acting upon the revered BP's letter inviting him to Park Street, he had put in a stretch cataloguing manuscripts for the Boston Public Library and had also put in a brief stint with the old *Boston Advertiser.*

FOR the record, he became literary adviser to the firm five years later, and in 1910 was made a director and appointed editor-in-chief of the Trade Department, of which he became manager in 1933. In 1936 he was elected vice president of the company. Retiring in 1942, he remained as literary adviser and a director until June of last year. He was a member of the National Institute of Arts and Letters, and served for a term on the Pulitzer Prize Committee for Poetry. He was awarded a Litt.D. from Dartmouth, and held membership in the Massachusetts Historical Society and the American Antiquarian Society. Yet he was never what is popularly known as a joiner.

FG was a warm and ready writer, an expression he frequently used with respect to others. His style was felicitous, if restrained. Just as he cut and pared his own writing, with an eye to accent and economy, so he directed these wise words to long-winded authors: "The more the marble wastes, the more the statue grows." He wore his learning lightly and his erudition with an easy grace. Of his angling proclivities, enough has been said—and by one who has never caught a fish in his life. Before I knew him he was a stalwart mountain climber as well. He was keenly attuned to the poetry of nature, as his hobbies and his literary observations confirm, but I cannot picture him ever planting a tulip or pruning an apple tree.

Although primarily a man of letters, an editor, biographer, and historian, he could distinguish accurately between the black and the red. During his long pause between books, he was concerned, as he said, with administration and percentages—"gross sales, net sales, serial sales, foreign sales, copyright sales, plate rentals, film sales, other trading income; cost of sales, commissions paid, depreciation, cash discounts, royalties, plates, selling, advertising, administration, reserves for bad debts . . . a harrowed battlefield."

"An Occupation for Gentlemen" is the title the English publisher, Fredric Warburg, gives to his new book on a much debated subject. "Is publishing," he asks in his preface, "an occupation for gentlemen, or is it a real business?" From the example of Ferris Greenslet, it is not difficult to answer both questions in the affirmative.

Perspective/1960

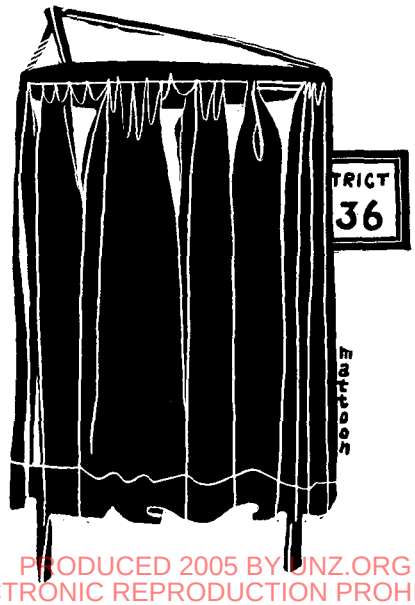
Continued from page 10

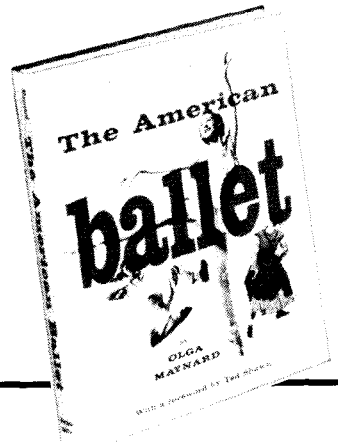
gelical eloquence finding its greatest resonance among the stolid workers who gather to hear him at union halls or among the dairy farmers gathered in their Sears, Roebuck gray-striped overalls at crossroads. With equal energy and high literary eloquence, Kennedy crisscrosses the state, drawing thousands to his coffee-and-cookie receptions, and through the receptions drawing them across the bridge of middle-class respectability to the new party.

It has been a hard, but clean, fight and its bitternesses concern chiefly the image of the Presidency. "Hubert," said a Kennedy aide, "behaves as if he were running for sheriff. Whoever heard of a guy running for the Presidency getting in a picket line and singing Solidarity Forever—or putting on a druggist's jacket? You don't run for President of the United States in a druggist's jacket."

"This Democratic Party," says Humphrey in reply, "can't win by quoting Robert Frost. Anybody can look up quotations in a book. The farmers don't know who Robert Frost is and they don't like frost—all they know is that Spring is late and milk prices hurt. They want to know when the freight came in."

Together, these two men have added strength, faith, and glamour to a party movement that has gained by their contest. There can, of course, be only one winner in the primary. But there will be many losers as this new party gathers strength. Only time will identify the greatest loser—whether it be the defeated candidate of this week, the Eastern Democratic machines, or the Southern oligarchy. Or, perhaps, the Republican Party most of all.





THE AMERICAN
ballet

By Olga Maynard

With a foreword by Ted Shawn
Illustrated with many photographs

"Handsomely turned out."—Agnes de Mille, *N. Y. Herald Tribune.* "One of the most important dance books in recent years."—*N. Y. Morning Telegraph.* This fascinating account of every salient detail in the development of American ballet starts with the ballet spectacles of 1767 and runs through the latest triumphs of the great American companies. A panoramic survey of choreographers and companies—thoroughly enjoyable and up-to-date. Will have special appeal for all devotees of American dance, drama, and music.

$7.50 at all book stores
352 pages—size, 7" x 10"

MACRAE SMITH CO. • Philadelphia 2

McGUFFEY'S READERS

After a long and costly search, reprints of the original 1879 revised editions of the famous McGuffey's Readers have been completed and you can now purchase exact copies at the following low prices POSTPAID:

1st Reader	$2.50	4th Reader	$3.50
2nd Reader	$2.75	5th Reader	$3.75
3rd Reader	$3.25	6th Reader	$4.25

OLD AUTHORS, Dept. SR-4, Rowan, Iowa

CALIFORNIA WRITERS CONFERENCE
May 13, 14, 1960
Jack London Square, Oakland

Two full days with prominent authors discussing markets, trends and techniques. Previous speakers: Elizabeth Bowen, Eugene Burdick, Erskine Caldwell, *Kathleen Norris, Stephen Spender, Adela Rogers* St. John.

Write, CALIFORNIA WRITERS CONFERENCE
1320 Webster Street, Oakland, California

Join Red Cross

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted; personal services; literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; ideas for sale. All advertisements must be consonant with the character of Saturday Review. Rates per insertion 50¢ per word; 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Numbers. Rates for several insertions—52 times 42¢ per word; 26 times 44¢ per word; 13 times 46¢ per word; 6 times 48¢ per word. Full payment must be received seventeen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address Classified Department, Saturday Review, 25 West 45 Street, New York 36, N. Y.

LITERARY SERVICES

MANUSCRIPTS PROFESSIONALLY TYPED. Tape recordings transcribed. STILLMAN ASSOCIATES, 1394 Third Avenue (at 79th Street), NYC. TRafalgar 9-9177.

TOPS IN TYPING—LEAHEYS, Seven Park Avenue, NYC. MUrray Hill 6-4464.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING. Ambassador Office Service, 17 East 48th Street, NYC. PLaza 5-1127.

BOOKS

BRITISH BOOK BARGAINS—all subjects. Catalogues free. Wants solicited. Transbooks, North Wantagh, New York.

QUALITY PAPERBACKS. Free list. Bartlett, 784 Columbus, New York 25, New York.

FICTION. American, British, Continental. Also Americana, Literature, etc. Catalogue free. Wants solicited. PYETELL'S BOOKSHOP, 333 Fifth Avenue, Pelham, New York.

BOOKS. If it is a book you want, write to us. Name it. We will try to get it for you at reasonable prices. Wallace Hill Bookstore, Box 97, Malvern, Arkansas.

THE PAPERBACK BOOKSELLER—"If it's bound in paper—we're bound to have it." 147 Front Street, Hempstead, N.Y. We pay postage.

ALL ABOUT THE DANCE. Books—Periodicals—Programs—Photos. Box L-153.

BOOKS ABOUT ASIA—ORIENTALIA, 11 East 12th Street, New York 3, New York. Free Catalogue S.

WE HAVE A CATALOGUE of specially priced British books. BRITISH BOOK CENTRE, 122 East 55th Street, NYC.

"WORLD-WIDE REGISTER OF ADULT EDUCATION"—the most comprehensive international directory of university extensions and home study schools—$5.98. Details free. AUREA Publishers, Central Valley, New York.

FRENCH BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOKSHOP, 556 Madison Avenue. New York's French bookshop, where French books are sold exclusively. Mail order catalogue 50¢.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOGUE—many beautiful designs. Special designing too. Address BOOKPLATES, Yellow Springs 7, Ohio.

FOREIGN PERIODICALS

FRENCH AND POLISH PERIODICALS. European Publishers, 1002 Times Tower, New York 36.

ITALIAN PERIODICALS. Italian Publishers, Times Tower, New York 36.

BACK NUMBERS

MAGAZINE SPECIALISTS—stock of 1,200,000 back issues. "BACK NUMBER" Wilkins, Danvers, Mass.

OUT-OF-PRINT

HARD TO FIND books located through world-wide contacts. BOOK LAND, Box 74561, Los Angeles 4, California.

PERSISTENT SEARCHING gets results. Satisfaction guaranteed. Trading Post, Room 4, Lisbon, New Hampshire.

WE CAN FIND THE BOOKS you want. Maximum speed, minimum cost. QUEENS BOOKS, Box 188, Long Island City 4, New York.

FOR CONSISTENTLY LOWER price quotations write ASSOCIATED BOOKHUNTERS, Box L-73.

BIBLIOPHILES: World Wide Research—Immediate Quotations. Try me first! John Friend, Bookfinder, Box 2570, Long Beach 1, California.

NAME THE BOOK—We'll get it! CHICAGO BOOK MART, Chicago Heights, Illinois.

CAN'T GET IT? We'll find it and fast. BEACON HILL BOOKSELLERS, 15 Lindall Place, Boston, Massachusetts.

ANY BOOK LOCATED. Free catalogue. MID-WEST BOOK SERVICE, 4301 Kensington, Detroit 24, Michigan.

YOU NAME IT—WE FIND IT! Prices surprisingly low! INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS, Box 3003-S, Beverly Hills, California.

ART

REGINALD WESTON PAINTINGS. First one-man show in America, April 2nd-16th. FAR Gallery, 746 Madison, NYC 21 (64th-65th Street).

FRIENDLY little Art School in quaint TAXCO. Individual instruction. Inexpensive living and tuition. Bilingual teachers. TAXCO SCHOOL OF ART, Taxco, Guerrero, Mexico. Brochure.

COMBINE SCENIC WHITE MOUNTAINS vacation with art classes. Oil, watercolor—beginners, advanced students. Brochure. Covered Bridge School of Art, Jackson, New Hampshire.

STUDY ART IN CADAQUES, Spanish Mediterranean fishing village. Free brochure: Narotzky, Corcega 196, Barcelona.

FOR SALE: 400-year-old painting by Bryl. 4½ feet by 4½ feet. Needs cleaning and repairs. Never exhibited. Shown by appointment only. Write: "Painting," P.O. Box No. 184, Worthington, Ohio.

RECORD MART

78 R.P.M. RECORDINGS, 1902—'50, sold. Free list. Collections bought. E. Hirschmann, P.O.B. 155(A), Verona, New Jersey.

FOR THE GOURMET

ENJOY MAINE SEAFOODS, spreads, dips. Ask your dealer for "Atlantic" Brand. A. M. Look Canning, East Machias, Maine.

"MENUS"—ingenious, timesaving booklet. R. Robinson, John Street, Greenwich, Connecticut. $2.00.

KENTUCKY BASSWOOD HONEY, 5 lb. bucket, $3.50 postpaid. Add 50¢ west of Denver. Free catalogue. Hound Hollow, Grant, Kentucky.

THIS SEASON'S PURE VERMONT maple syrup. Freshly made syrup, canned directly by the farmer-producer. "Fancy" grade shipped until supply is exhausted, then Grade A will be shipped. $5.00 postpaid for ½ gallon (east of the Mississippi). Add $1.00 for shipment west. Check or M.O., Houghton & Simonds, Brattleboro, Vermont.

HOBBIES

307 DIFFERENT WORLDWIDE STAMPS only 25¢. Approvals. Niagara Stamp, St. Catharines 761, Ontario.

CERAMICS

TO-GA-KAI—JAPAN'S famed "Elegant Porcelain Club." Ceramic originals by Kyoto potters. Brochure. ARROWFIELD, Box 817, Palo Alto, California.

JOIN POT OF THE MONTH CLUB. Free brochure. Box J-957.

LANGUAGES

AT HOME you relax and learn to speak French, Spanish, German, Russian, Japanese, Modern Greek—any of 34 languages available with Linguaphone. The World's Standard Conversational Method. Complete Recorded Courses on FREE trial. Phone Circle 7-0830 for FREE books, FREE trial: No obligation. FREE lesson in our studio. Open daily including Saturday. Linguaphone Institute, South Mezzanine, 54 RCA Building, New York 20.

PRESS TRANSLATING SERVICES offered to publishers, writers, etc. by linguist specializing in translations from Arabic, French, German, Hebrew, Italian and Spanish press. Specify language, country and name or type of publication desired and your offer. Box L-496.

ADULT EDUCATION

FREE COURSE IN ECONOMICS. A study that will help you understand today's trends. By correspondence, also classes in many cities. Write Henry George School, Dept. S, 50 East 69th Street, New York 21, New York.

PERSONALS

EXPERIMENT WITH "SLEEP-LEARNING!" Use your phonograph, recorder. Fascinating, educational. Catalogue, details free. Sleep-Learning Research Association, Box 24-JJ, Olympia, Washington.

TOP CASH PAID for letters and documents of famous people. Immediate decision! Immediate payment. Ask TODAY for free brochure, "How To Sell Your Autographs." Catalogues issued. Charles R. Hamilton, 25 East 53rd Street, NYC 22, Eldorado 5-3464-5-6.

THREE PLAYWRITING AWARDS. Register with Dramatists' Alliance, Stanford University, California.

FRENCH, ITALIAN—SPEAK FLUENTLY. Efficient, interesting method. PLaza 3-7092 NYC.

WON'T YOU, TOO, COME to Carol Brown's, Putney, Vermont, and enjoy her colorful collection of handwoven Irish woolens; handknit Irish pullovers and jackets; imported cottons, silks?

RECORDERS, LUTES, VIOLS—Baroque woodwinds and brasses. Write Wayne Anderson, 545 West 111th Street. NYC 25.

YOUR FAMILY TREE. Holland, Genealogies, 53 West Logan Street, Philadelphia 44, Pennsylvania.

AUTHENTIC SPANISH BULLFIGHT POSTERS 1¾ x 3½ ft. Two for $3. Research Publications, Box 305-A, Wall Street Station, NYC 5.

REPAIRERS OF THE IRREPARABLE. Restoring China, Glass, Silver, Ivory, Tortoise Shell, etc. Lamps mounted. Hess Repairs, 168 East 33rd St., NYC 16.

JOBS ABROAD FOR TEACHERS, writers, librarians, stenographers, engineers and administrators. Top salaries paid by American and foreign companies, governmental and international organizations. New edition covers over 80 countries. How, when and where to apply, $1.00. Included free, "Student Opportunities Abroad," and "U.S. Summer Jobs for Teachers and Students." Dorf, Box 1415-E, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania.

27TH WRITERS' CONFERENCE in the Rocky Mountains, July 25th-August 12th. Outstanding staff: Ray B. West, Edwin Peterson, Karl Shapiro, Elizabeth Yates and William Stucky. Write Margaret Robb, Director, University of Colorado, Boulder, Colorado.

WE MOVE YOU WITHOUT TEARS—and economically. Insured household moving, packing, and storage. Vans and station wagons—local, long distance. THE PADDED WAGON, INC., ALgonquin 5-8343 NYC.

A NEW AND BETTER dog tether lengthens 12 feet, retracts automatically and never tangles with dog's legs or neck. A.P.L. recommended. Attaches to line, pole or building. Rust-resistant. Slide-O-Matic Safety Dog Chain, $3.50, ppd. C.W. Barnes Co., 31630 Lake Road, Bay Village, Ohio.

BRITISH SHOES FOR GENTLEMEN at a fraction of their American retail prices! $10.95 includes duty and import charges. Delivery in ten days from receipt of order. Unconditional money-back guarantee. Write for free illustrated catalogue. Steven Williams, Sr., Ltd., 40 Chatham Road, Short Hills, New Jersey.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

"GO!"—ANCIENT JAPANESE STRATEGIC GAME. Unsurpassed for 2,000 years! Set, instructions, $5.50. Classic Games, 2481 Davidson Avenue, NYC 68.

SEEKING PEACE OF MIND? Free homestudy course in the Catholic Religion. PAULIST FATHERS INSTRUCTION CENTER, Dept. S, 18 East 76 St., NYC 21.

BATIK-PRINTED COTTONS; BLEEDING MADRAS. Handwoven Irish tweeds. Carol Brown, Putney 13, Vermont.

LOCAL SALES AGENTS WANTED for finest European harpischord maker. Box K-689.

"L'EXPRESS," the controversial French weekly newspaper. Send 25¢ for your sample copy. Howard Publications, 173 Third Avenue, New York 3, New York.

OLD LETTERS WANTED. Authors, statesmen, scientists, military leaders, musicians, etc. Correspondence or single items bought and sold. Established 1887. Catalogue on request. Walter R. Benjamin Autographs, 18 East 77th Street, NYC 21. REgent 4-3902.

ANTIQUE POSTERS—CIRCUS, DRAMA, GAY NINETIES. Spanish Toros, etc. List for stamp. Temple, Box S-549, Mason City, Iowa.

RECORDERS (FLUTES) KUENG SWISS import; Dolmetsch, Purcell. $5, $7.50 up! Student Special, Corelli $3.95. Recorder Music, Methods; Sperrhake Harpsichords. Free catalogue, 4-6-B, HARGAIL, 157 West 57th Street, NYC.

TRAVEL WRITERS WANTED. Editors are looking for articles and photos on travel and new horizons. Get your share of this profitable market. The 44-page manual, "Travel Writer's Passport," gives you detailed magazine and newspaper editorial requirements; foreign and American information sources; extensive bibliography. $1.00, postpaid. Order directly from publisher: Martin Gross, P.O. Box 3021, Grand Central Station, New York 17, New York.

CATS FOR ADOPTION. All sizes, all colors. Free. WAtkins 4-8493 NYC.

HANDWRITING ANALYSES reveal talent, faults impeding progress, outstanding qualities. For free analysis mail specimen, stamped, addressed envelope. Box L-489.

FOR ALL NEW European cars—World Wide delivery—write R. Peter Pach, President, AMERICAN SALES, 23 Via Marche, Rome, Italy, or cable AM-SALES, Rome.

CRABTREE MOVERS, LTD. Prompt, efficient, courteous. Moving, packing, storage. GRamercy 5-2421 NYC.

BETWEEN ENGAGEMENTS? Do you type? Know stenography, bookkeeping—any office machines? Want temporary jobs in Manhattan? Call the experts and start collecting those checks once a week! AA Accredited Service, OXford 7-1145, Room 3018, at 60 East 42nd Street.

WE, THE PEOPLE, NEED Adlai Stevenson for President! Add your signature? Box K-846.

SHAKESPEARE in Tudor staging, with Renaissance Institute, activities, publication. College credit. Address "Shakespeare," Ashland, Oregon.

YALE GRADUATE seeks summer tutoring position in Visual Arts and Spanish. Box L-314.

CHAMBER MUSIC for teen-agers. July 3rd-August 14th. Strings, woodwinds, piano. Private instruction. Frequent attendance Tanglewood, other cultural events. MERRYWOOD, Lenox, Massachusetts.

YOUNG WOMAN desires summer employment in New England, preferably outdoors. Box L-615.

CULTURED NEWSMAN, 34, tremendous interest in life, seeks position and travel. Box L-605.

ENERGETIC, EDUCATED FEMALE, 28, seeks interesting, challenging, profitable position. Secretarial skills, will travel. Box L-490.

WANTED: EXPERIENCED TEACHER to teach foreign language, humanities to upper grades in small private elementary day school. Write George Shumlin, Putney, Vermont.

TAFT SCHOOL SENIOR desires any interesting summer employment. Box L-601.

PERSONALS

STUDY PAINTING with professional artist (one-man show in New York and National Institute of Arts & Letters). Beginners and advanced students—all media. Large Union Square studio. A. Steinbrocker—call WAtkins 4-4911 after 5 P.M., weekends REgent 4-1266 NYC.

EDITORIAL ASSISTANT, 25, presently with leading educational institution, seeks writing, publications work overseas or NYC vicinity. Vet, single. Box L-407.

PRINCESS MARGARET WEDDING NUMBER. The magnificent May 14th issue of the Illustrated London News, in full color, showing bridal pictures and pageantry, is truly a collector's item. A limited number only available. $1.25 post free. Order TODAY from BRITISH PUBLICATIONS, INC., 30 East 60th Street, New York 22, New York.

CONSERVATORY HONOR GRADUATE seeks employment abroad. Three years experience college teaching and administration. Veteran. Box L-482.

SECRETARIAL ASSISTANT, young, competent, seeks stimulating position in writing field, NYC or other. Varied interests and experience. Box L-476.

WOMAN, PIANO DEPARTMENT HEAD distinguished eastern private school, wishes summer position anywhere. Versatile, experienced soloist, accompanist, ensemble player. Particularly interested playing in resort hotel ensemble. Box L-607.

YOUNG MAN, insolvent, eager, versatile, available for anything. NYC. Box L-470.

TROUBLED BY HEADACHES? Read "Help For Your Headaches" by Percy Brazil, M.D. and W. H. Green. At your bookseller's or send $2.98 to ARCO PUBLISHING CO., 480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, New York.

TAKING YOUR CHILDREN abroad? Leave them with me, in a Cotswold village, while you travel. American references. Box L-484.

HOUSEMOTHER, SOCIAL DIRECTOR, private school experience, seeks similiar position college level. Box L-465.

MALE, SINGLE, 28, private school English instructor desires summer job. Consider anything, anywhere. Box L-486.

FOR SALE: STEREOSCOPE and 100 views Palestine 1900. Box L-474.

ENGLISH, SOCIAL STUDIES. Experienced teacher seeks summer position. Box L-483.

FILM CRITIC, for position with magazine or newspaper wanting solid, intelligent reviews. Male, 26, B.A. Liberal Arts, M.A. Psychology, M.S. Communication Arts (June). Box L-479.

INTELLIGENT AND CONGENIAL young man seeks position of secretary-aide. Box L-462.

SUMMER JOBS—Over 12,000 actual jobs in the U.S. and abroad for students, teachers, librarians, writers, etc. NOT just a list—includes specific job data, salaries. Summer jobs are filled early—don't miss out. Regular price $3, rush only $2 for the 1960 SUMMER JOB DIRECTORY. Used in over 1,500 colleges since 1952. FREE resumes given with first 100 orders. 163 North 9th Street, Brooklyn 11, New York. (Add 25¢ Regular Mail, add 50¢ First Class). Money-back guarantee, of course.

WELCOME IDEAS for educational project in Washington, D.C. area viz. audio-visual materials, publications, language aids, etc. Can offer backing but limited experience. Box L-468.

ARTIST TEACHING at major New York professional school desires summer employment. Box L-475.

INTELLIGENT WOMAN, B.A. Oberlin '58, seeks employment including European travel. Box L-488.

PLAYWRIGHT SEEKING playwright collaborator. Must be full-time, paid, professional writer with sold scripts. Have work space. NYC area. Box L-497.

TELEIDOSCOPE . . . the adult kaleidoscope with an all-seeing eye. Not limited to bits of glass, Teleidoscope reflects the world around you in fascinating patterns. $3.50 postpaid. Free catalogue. HOUSE OF TODAY, Box 354, Palo Alto, California.

ATTRACTIVE FEMALE English teacher, 23, seeks scintillating summer employment anywhere. Box L-606.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

"MR. BLANDING'S DREAM HOUSE" complete, $27,500. 1790 fine stone Colonial in secluded setting. Tastefully modernized. 5 bedrooms, caretaker's cottage, barns, trout brook borders 100 acres. Town & Country Realty, Juniper Hill, Claremont, New Hampshire.

UNUSUAL PROPERTIES in southern Vermont. Homes, businesses, acreage. Wide price range. Miriam Bone, Broker, 15 Charlton, NYC 14, ALgonquin 5-6791.

FAMILY COTTAGE for sale or rent. Box 623, Chautauqua, New York.

VERMONT. Rutland County farm home. 160 acres. Excellent view. 4 bedrooms, living room, kitchen and pantry. Woodshed. Owners keeping 1 acre (they enjoy neighborhood and neighbors). Good value at $10,500. Land borders stream where swimming is good for people and trout. Raymond Holway, Realtor, Gryphon Building, Rutland, Vermont.

MAINE MOUNTAINS! Four-season retreat: skiing, fishing, touring, hunting. Quiet village street, near shopping, schools. Large lot, garden, trees. 6 bedrooms, enclosed porch, attached shed, garage, barn. All public utilities, hardwood floors, completely modernized. Suitable large family, ski club, tourist home. Only $10,000. Box L-463.

SOUTHERN VERMONT: Small house outside village, 3 acres, view, river boundary. $7,000. SNARE-PARSONS, Dorset, Vermont.

For Summer Rental

ROCKPORT, MASSACHUSETTS. Charming 3 room house. Screened patio, modern furnishings and facilities. Month or season. Reasonable. Call MOnument 3-4987 NYC, evenings.

GEORGETOWN, CONNECTICUT Large 1-room weekend cabin overlooking pond. Secluded, accessible, facilities sketchy but adequate. $350 season. Box L-394.

SOUTHERN VERMONT. Idyllic hilltop retreat. Beautifully equipped. Trout stream. June, July, August $600. Box L-356.

SOUTHAMPTON, NEW YORK. 10 room modern home—central. Write Owner, 242 Herrick Road.

LARGE HOUSE, breathtaking lake view, near Lake Glimmerglas, Cooperstown. 220 miles NYC, 10 minutes lake, shopping. Golf, horses, theatre. Ideal 2 families, children. Electricity, refrigerator, gas, bath, porches. June-October. Very reasonable to responsible party. REgent 4-6324 NYC, Box L-430.

NEAR NEW HOPE, Pennsylvania. Artist's 5 room cottage, furnished, secluded, charming. $600 season from May 15th. Box L-498.

CAPE COD, Wellfleet, Massachusetts. Modern cottage, 450' private sand beach, quiet. July or August—$500. Call Schenectady, New York, FRanklin 7-0649 or write Saturday Review Box L-494.

NORTH CAROLINA fishing hamlet, new, 2 bedrooms, 2 baths, electric kitchen; house near Waterway and ocean. $300 for season. Box L-491.

VERMONT, Mt. Mansfield view. Secluded, modernized farmhouse, barn, swimming, trout pond, piano. $375 entire summer. 2 Valley Road, Hanover, New Hampshire.

NORWALK, CONNECTICUT. Distinctive modern home. View Long Island Sound. Community beach, boat basin. Tennis. Owner abroad. 2½ months. Adults, no pets. TEmple 8-2640.

NEWFANE, VERMONT. Charming log cabin, stone fireplace. 1800' altitude, complete isolation. 175 acres woodland. Swimming, fishing privileges. Near Marlboro Summer Festival. Telephone, bottled gas. $750, May-October. Box L-481.

SPACIOUS LODGE (sleeps 10) and stone cottage (for 6) atop southern New Hampshire mountain offer ideal atmosphere for creative work and relaxation. All conveniences. Lake, 2 miles. July or August: $425 and $225 each. H. Cobb, Tuttle Avenue, Wallingford, Connecticut.

2 HOURS NEW YORK on lake. 40' living-dining room, fireplace, 5 bedrooms, 2 baths. Golf, tennis or complete privacy. Ideal for children. $500, July. Box L-466.

IN SOUTH HARPSWELL, MAINE—on privately owned point, extending into Casco Bay, completely furnished house, 5 bedrooms, 1½ baths. Gorgeous view. Box L-461.

RENT $500 AUGUST. Kent thatched house, extensive grounds, 8 beds, 2 baths. One hour London. Caretaker. Photos available. Inquire Read, 425 Riverside Drive, New York City.

(Continued on page 58)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

(Continued from page 57)

PROPERTY FOR SALE OR LEASE

A NEW ADVENTURE with children. Camp in southern Vermont for sale or lease. Here for many summers children sang, danced, acted scenes from Shakespeare, "as merry as the day is long." 150 acres, remodeled farm buildings, cottages. Equipment for 45. Box L-129.

CAMPS

TENNIS—PROFESSIONAL INSTRUCTION. 6 instructors, 4 hours instruction and practice daily. Participation in Middle States tournaments. Coeducational, 10—16. Limit 50 boarders. Location—Westtown School campus—600 acres, lake, pool, gym, 19 courts. Neil and Deborah Welsh Chase, Chase Tennis Center, Westtown, Pennsylvania.

LITTLE TIMBER CAMP in the Catskills. Coed, 5 to 12, all land and water sports, crafts, trips pioneering, ACA approved. Mature staff. Full or part season. Eight weeks $425. Write Blackman, 2961 Shore Parkway, Brooklyn, New York. TWining 1-3066-7.

ENGLISH, READING SUMMER SCHOOL, 16 boys, 9-15. 7 week session, 4 hours tutoring daily. Instruction in sailing, swimming, tennis. 3 experienced teachers, 4 staff. Location: 60 acre island, Cape Cod. Allen Chase, 84 Kimbark Road, Rochester 10, New York.

VACATIONS

THE FALES, WILLIAMSTOWN, MASSACHUSETTS. Small, secluded—excellent food and lodging.

SNOWBIRD MOUNTAIN LODGE, Robbinsville, North Carolina. Small, secluded. Picturesque mountaintop location bordering Great Smokies. Season opens May 22nd. Mountain laurel, azalea, rhododendron in profusion during late May-June. Folder. AAA—Duncan Hines recommended.

ORNITHOLOGICALLY PARADISIACAL. Unexpected—even improbable—avian species guest-noted. THE ISLAND INN, Monhegan Island, Maine. Booklet D ?

HOLIDAY HOME EXCHANGE BUREAU will arrange between reputable approved people. Write, 813 Inwood Court, Grants, New Mexico.

OGUNQUIT. Famous summer vacation center, smooth, uncrowded beaches, numerous activities. Artists' colony, summer theatre, shopping center, deep-sea fishing, golf, movies. Hotels, guest houses, motels, cottages, restaurants, tea rooms. For information write Information Bureau, Ogunquit 15, Maine.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN, directly on beautiful beach, tropical setting. Best meals in Mexico $15.60 American Plan, double occupancy. Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

SUN-INSIDE, Monterey, Massachusetts. Berkshires. French cuisine, small, very quiet.

TUILAUVENT—Maple Road, Brewster, New York. Telephone 9-8106. Only 50 miles from NYC, a beautifully located and secluded country place. Ideal for relaxing weekends and vacation. Comfortable rooms. French cooking. Moderate rates.

NEVIS, BRITISH WEST INDIES: Enjoy the Caribbean's most unspoiled Island. Modern cottages built on old sugar plantation. Lovely beaches, swimming pool, tennis, excellent cuisine. Chris-Craft cruiser for fishing. Write or cable Frank Galey, Golden Rock Estate, Nevis.

PEMAQUID SEMINAR: Stimulating and informal vacations in Maine. Discussions, Writers' Workshop, lectures. For 1960 pamphlet write: Box 386, Damariscotta, Maine.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

GREEN SHADOWS INN, OLD LYME, Connecticut. Open all year.

PELICAN COVE—in unspoiled Florida Keys. Immaculate oceanside apartments, beach, fishing, shelling, skindiving, birdwatching, sailing, loafing. Literate, congenial company on balmy tropical isle. Tom and Carolyn Brown, Islamorada, Florida.

VACATIONS

CAMP DENALI, McKINLEY PARK, ALASKA. A wilderness retreat in the shadow of Mt. McKinley. Tundra nature lore, guided hikes, wildlife photography, gold panning, just relaxing. Write Box 526, College, Alaska.

BLUEBERRY HILL! Pussywillows! Lucullan food. Nothing whatever to do. Brandon, Vermont.

SPRING on farms and hotels welcoming children. Call LOrraine 8-0700 NYC.

FOR THOSE WHO want every facility and service, plus the tranquillity of beach life, write The Fields for literature about their Colony Beach Club Resort, Longboat Key, Sarasota, Florida. Phone FUlton 8-2131.

COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hills. Trout stream. Casual, intimate; luscious food. Swimming pool—horses, golf, lake nearby. Country auctions, summer theatre. LEWIS & MARY FISHER, Bantam, Connecticut.

SPRING FEVER? Take the cure at luxurious new YORKTOWN MOTEL, Yorktown Heights, New York, upper Westchester County, Taconic Parkway at Route 202. Telephone YOrktown Heights 2-3833 for reservations.

OGUNQUIT. AAA. Relax by the sea at one of New England's foremost and largest resort hotels. Beautiful grounds, lovely gardens. Exceptional meals. June to September. Lookout Hotel, Ogunquit 21, Maine.

PISGAH FOREST INN. Mountain-top rustic Inn, forest-game preserve. Foot trails, beautiful laurel, rhododendron. Log fires, delicious food, friendly hosts. Restful, invigorating. May through October. Box 433, Route 1, Candler, North Carolina.

PICTURE-BOOK VILLAGE off beaten path. Relaxing historic Inn. Small-town events. Pool, 5 acres grounds, brook. Folder. The Tavern, Grafton, Vermont.

WATERVILLE INN—Complete mountain resort in secluded Waterville Valley, surrounded by White Mountain National Forest. For nearly a century a resort unchanged in its essential character. Comfortable inn, private golf course, swimming pool, tennis court, miles of walking and climbing trails. Write for color folder. Advance reservations requested. Waterville Valley, Campton P.O., New Hampshire.

HOLIDAY HOUSE, CASTINE, MAINE. Waterfront hotel, private bathrooms. Request colored brochure.

SEASHORE VACATION? Christian Fellowship! Be a Miramar guest July 30th-Labor Day. Alcoholic beverages banned. Episcopal Church Center, Bellevue Avenue, Newport, Rhode Island.

CANADA VACATION? Wooded island in beautiful lake. Eastern Ontario housekeeping cottages, $35-$45 weekly. Electricity. Quiet, refined. Duane Barnes, 175 Willoughby Street, Brooklyn, New York.

THE LOG HOUSE, THIRTEENTH LAKE, North River, New York. 2,100 ft. altitude. 600 acres midst Adirondack Forest Preserve. "We didn't think there was a place left like this!" Cottages. Meals varied and best. The Tibbits.

WINHALL MOUNTAIN LODGE—Retreat for gourmets. Restful. Scenic. Delightfully informal. Folder. Manchester, Vermont.

IVES LAKE, in the heart of the Huron Mountains. Catch a Rainbow, hunt a mushroom, read a book, bring the kids. Write Howard Paul, Big Bay, Michigan.

THE BROOKFIELD CRAFT CENTER offers you a craft vacation working with top ranking instructors. Delightful surroundings. Brochure ready April 1st. Brookfield, Connecticut.

EGGEMOGGIN, THE RESORT FOR ALL THE FAMILY. Private island in Casco Bay, Maine. Seclusion, relaxation, recreation, boat trips, fine food. Special children's rates. Booklet. O.S. Yale, Box 27, Yarmouth, Maine.

CAREER WOMEN—Studio Barn overlooking Cape Cod Bay. Loaf, paint. Box 26, East Sandwich, Massachusetts.

PERFECT COUNTRY VACATION for all ages! Lake, woods, delectable meals, companionship or solitude, horses to ride. Apple-Row Inn, Standish, Maine.

TRAVEL

JOIN BAHAMA CRUISE. 150 foot schooner leaves Miami for Bimini, Berry Islands, Nassau, Andros, Grand Bahamas. All expenses for 10 days, $175.00. **MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE.** Commencing June 15th, a small group of adventurers will sail to Bermuda, Portugal, Spain, France, Africa, Canary Islands, West Indies, Miami. Three months, only $1,500. Inquire now. Capt. Burke, P.O. Box 1051-Z, Miami Beach 39, Florida. Miami Beach phone JEfferson 2-3407.

STAY IN THE HEART OF SMART NEW YORK . . . at the famous Beekman Tower Hotel. It's near everything—United Nations, midtown shops, just a short bus ride to the theatres. Rates are moderate, accommodations delightful. Enjoy cocktails in the Top o' the Tower Cocktail Lounge—26 stories high in the sky—and delicious food in the Turtle Bay Dining Room. Rates for single rooms with semi-private bath from $6.50. Group rates available. If you're driving to New York, write BEEKMAN TOWER HOTEL, 49th Street and First Avenue (3 Mitchell Place), New York 17, New York for Family Rates and the SR map showing how to avoid city traffic.

AROUND SOUTH AMERICA, July 4th to August 5th. Panama, Quito, Lima, Cuzco, Macchu Pichu, Santiago, Buenos Aires, Montevideo, Sao Paulo, Iguassu Falls, Rio de Janeiro, Brasilia, Caracas. Followed by optional two weeks in Guatemala, Mexico, or the Caribbean area. See all the sights; meet leaders in all countries; lectures and discussions. Leader: DR. HUBERT HERRING, author "Good Neighbors," "A History of Latin America," etc. Address him: 763 Indian Hill Boulevard, Claremont, California.

RUSSIA for college students. Plan to join an American collegiate group for summer-long vacation featuring 30 days in the USSR plus England, Brussels, Germany, Copenhagen, Sweden, Finland, Poland, Czechoslovakia, plus Black Sea Cruise from Yalta to Sochi. See your Travel Agent for folders or write Maupintour, 400 Madison Avenue, New York City.

SAVE MONEY ON YOUR NEXT TRIP to New York. New York is inexpensive if you don't insist on running with the herd. Stay at the Hotel Paris and use our folder: "New York for Free." All rooms with bath; free swimming pool; family rates. Write to M. L. Walter, Hotel Paris, New York 25.

STUDENTS—Don't rush through Europe. Savor the flavor with SCOPE—YOUTH TRAVELS ABROAD, 1960. Unusual experiences for young people. Coed. Brochure available. Mrs. Judith Sullivan, 147-07 Charter Road, Jamaica 35, New York, OLympia 7-6685.

EUROPE. 1960 Tours: 50—63 days in Europe. 15—18 countries, $1,245—$1,398. Oberammergau Passion Play included. Write directly: Prof. L. Knecht, KNIGHT TOURS (S-R), Box 350, Northfield, Minnesota.

CHARMING GRAMERCY PARK—Attractive singles and doubles. Newly decorated. PARKSIDE HOTEL, 18 Gramercy Park South. NYC. Transients from $3.50. Moderate weekly-monthly rates. GRamercy 5-6000.

AMAZING!!! EUROPE—$195. That's all it costs for unusual delightful summer program at Universities of Madrid, Florence, Vienna or Cannes. Full month July or August includes room, meals, tuition, courses in languages, art, painting, music, dance, etc., sightseeing, many other features. All this for $195!! Low cost extensions to all of Europe and Russia. Educational Travel Association, 590 Fifth Avenue, New York 36.

EUROPEAN SHOPPING GUIDE. 1960 Edition. 384 pages of informative data, pocket-size, gives list of services and stores, size equivalents for clothing, custom regulations, etc. $1.00 ppd. AMERICAN OVERSEAS TOURIST SERVICE OF NEW YORK, INC., 270 Lafayette Street, New York.

STUDY SOVIET UNION—Join 44-day study of Russia's economic challenge, conducted by University of Wisconsin, June 23rd to August 5th. Write Robert Schacht, 307 Extension Building, University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wisconsin.

47-DAY FLYING TRIP to Europe. Visit 12 countries, leaving July 17th. Olympic Games. All-inclusive, $1,295. Contact Dr. Bachman, Gettysburg College, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.

FIRST-CLASS TOURS to Mexico, Acapulco. Budget prices. "Spencers," 709 Parker, Las Cruces, New Mexico.

MEET THE PEOPLE. Europe. 33 days. Summer 1960. $792 complete, all expenses. Round trip scheduled jets. Optional return. Group limit 30. Four itineraries to select. Contact People to People Institute, 303 Lexington Avenue, New York City. MUrray Hill 5-9942.

PROOF COPY ONLY
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1359

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. Cleft.

B. Followed by Word V, where one should not fly (2 wds.).

C. Constellation where Arcturus is to be found.

D. Ancient name for the city of residence and burial of Arab philosopher Avicenna; also site of tomb of Mordecai and Esther.

E. Pinkish hue.

F. Decahedral (comp.)

G. Financial weekly, 1843, advocating free trade, repeal of corn laws, no gambling in railways, etc.

H. Amer. lawyer and railroad executive esp. Union Pacific (1860-1932).

I. Scene of Hardy's "Return of the Native" (2 wds.).

J. See Word K.

K. Followed by Word J, Virgil's bucolic poem which in 40 B.C. foretold the birth of a child who would bring back the golden age.

L. Legal term for compound interest, or the taking of it.

M. Liqueur flavored with fruit or fruit kernels, esp. almond.

WORDS

193 185 118 3 116 100

18 73 166 57 120 142

1 48 80 11 101 159

72 163 171 95 125 179 22 85

20 74 127 44 141 158 82 69

128 78 187 161 8 173 196 143

190 168 64 114 148 41 129 81 54

79 175 93 25 90 96

182 10 134 107 68 77 156 37 83 130

169 63 198 145 53

4 27 60 75 71 84

146 52 162 144 33 106 29 45 87

164 56 109 192 181 172 131

DEFINITIONS

N. Direct and immediate grounds for belief.

O. Section of London, E. of the City, which is largely Jewish.

P. Designating a line, tangent to the evolute, each point of which traces an involute.

Q. Move with force and swiftness as if hurled.

R. Male half of a popular stage pair.

S. Whom it is extraordinary to beat (2 wds.).

T. Excelled in light conversation.

U. Midday luncheon.

V. See Word B.

W. First man to declare "A line is length without breadth."

X. Parts of the globe diametrically opposite to each other.

Y. Strident.

Z. Palace of Empress Josephine, near Versailles.

Z1. French town which was a small monarchy 400 years ago whose king was subject of Béranger's famous song.

WORDS

126 15 140 24 194 47 58 6

195 55 165 103 94 32 50 70 42 5 17

98 26 117 61 132 121 124 76

43 177 2 108 183 104

157 88 111 97

136 152 105 150 112 119 122 46

123 34 151 38 12 16 184 28 135 23

14 170 191 180 149 178

91 113 9 62 197 137

153 154 39 7 110 102

92 31 189 51 66 40 36 133 89

138 13 176 115 186 19 155

139 188 35 65 21 167 160 59 99

174 147 67 49 30 86

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

	1 C	2 Q	3 A		4 K	5 O	6 N	7 W	8 F	9 V	10 I		11 C	12 T	13 Y	14 U
	15 N	16 T	17 O	18 B	19 Y	20 E		21 Z	22 D	23 T		24 N	25 H	26 P	27 K	28 T
29 L	30 Z1	31 X		32 O	33 L	34 T	35 Z	36 X		37 I	38 T	39 W	40 X	41 G	42 O	43 Q
44 E	45 L	46 S		47 N	48 C	49 Z1	50 O	51 X	52 L	53 J		54 G	55 O	56 M	57 B	
58 N	59 Z	60 K	61 P	62 V		63 J	64 G	65 Z	66 X	67 Z1	68 I	69 E	70 O	71 K	72 D	
73 B	74 E	75 K		76 P	77 I	78 F		79 H	80 C	81 G	82 E		83 I	84 K	85 D	86 Z1
	87 L	88 R	89 X	90 H		91 V	92 X	93 H	94 O		95 D	96 H	97 R	98 P	99 Z	100 A
101 C	102 W		103 O	104 Q	105 S		106 L	107 I	108 Q	109 M	110 W	111 R	112 S	113 V	114 G	115 Y
116 A		117 P	118 A		119 S	120 B	121 P		122 S	123 T	124 P	125 D	126 N	127 E	128 F	
129 G		130 I	131 M	132 P	133 X		134 I	135 T	136 S	137 V	138 Y	139 Z	140 N	141 E	142 B	143 F
	144 L	145 J		146 L	147 Z1	148 G	149 U	150 S		151 T	152 S	153 W		154 W	155 Y	156 I
157 R	158 E	159 C	160 Z		161 F	162 L	163 D	164 M	165 O	166 B	167 Z	168 G	169 J		170 U	
171 D	172 M	173 F		174 Z1	175 H	176 Y		177 Q	178 U		179 D	180 U	181 M	182 I	183 Q	184 T
185 A	186 Y	187 F	188 Z	189 X	190 G		191 U	192 M	193 A	194 N	195 O	196 F	197 V	198 J		

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 14 of this issue.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Run away to sea—on Orient & Pacific!

Your Orient & Pacific liner is cutting through the soft Pacific night at 22½ knots. Behind you are Vancouver, San Francisco and Los Angeles. Tomorrow you sail into Honolulu. In another eight days you'll be in Yokohama!

This is the way to *really* see the Pacific. On a great ocean liner. You have time to relax. Unwind. Become firm friends with people from every part of the world.

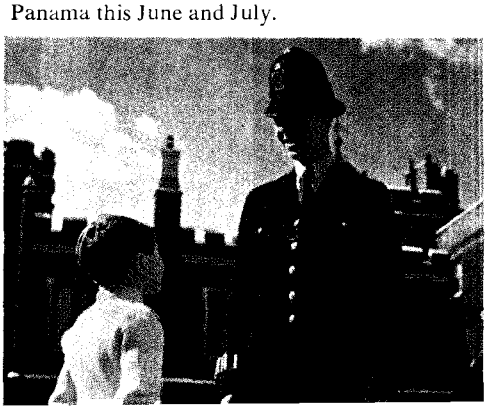
Your ship is the largest and fastest in the Pacific. It has two swimming pools (one in tourist and one in first class), two orchestras, a half dozen cafés and thousands of feet of open deck for sunlit games and moonlight dances.

See your travel agent now for all the details. Or write: Orient & Pacific Lines, in San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle or Vancouver. Elsewhere in the U.S. and Canada, Cunard Line, General Passenger Agents.

To the Orient—Next sailings to Japan, Hong Kong, Manila, Singapore: May 16, June 14, July 24. From $638 tourist.

South Pacific—Calling at Hawaii, Fiji, New Zealand and Australia. Next sailings: May 13, July 28. Round trips from $644 tourist.

Europe—You can get to London by way of the Orient or South Pacific. Or via Panama this June and July.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED